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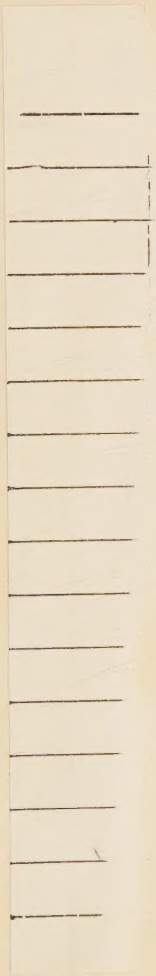

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THE LIFE STORY OF A LITTLE MONKEY

FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI

has also written

BEASTS, MEN AND GODS

"Seldom from the frame of history there steps down into modern life among us one to whom the glamour of a Polo, a Robinson Crusoe or a knight of the Middle Ages is so readily accorded as is the general tribute to this amazing personality [Ossendowski]. . . . In August last appeared 'Beasts, Men and Gods,' an account of the most thrilling adventures recorded since Marco Polo, toiling across the Gobi to the forests of the North, had given to the startled world the results of his own Mongolian travels in 'His Booke.'"

The New York Herald,
December 24, 1922.

MAN AND MYSTERY IN ASIA
THE SHADOW OF THE GLOOMY EAST
FROM PRESIDENT TO PRISON
THE FIRE OF DESERT FOLK
OASIS AND SIMOON
SLAVES OF THE SUN

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

THE DIARY OF THE CHIMPANZEE *KET*

We followed his example.

THE LIFE STORY OF A LITTLE MONKEY

THE DIARY OF THE CHIMPANZEE *KET*

BY FERDINAND A. OSSENDOWSKI

ILLUSTRATED BY KURT WIESE

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL POLISH
BY FRANCIS BAUER CZARNOMSKI

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, INC.

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FIRST EDITION

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PART ONE

FAMILY AND HOME

PART I

FAMILY AND HOME

The first day.

DADDY said that I know how to write now. On hearing it Mummy burst into tears. I don't understand why. Grown-up chimpanzees often astonish me. They sometimes do and say such things. . . . Why do they call my daddy Rru and my Mummy Lo-Lo? Also I do not understand why everybody calls me Ket. I suppose the grown-ups know what they do . . . Mummy does. She is working all day long. She cleans, mends and makes our little cottage look pretty. . . . The chimpanzee people live in nests. They plait them with dry branches, stuff them with grass and with the down from nuts. The nuts fall from the trees and burst with a big noise. A lot of white down remains on the ground. I have a

fine, soft, downy bed. When I lie down I can see the thatch above me. Daddy and Mummy made it from branches and pieces of bark. All the thatches are stopped with grass and leaves. We hide our cottages in the tops of the highest trees. Nobody can notice them from the ground. . . .

The second day.

Mummy has been sorting out the little roots all day. She hides them in the hollow of the trunk. I don't like these roots. They taste bitter. But I rejoice and shout "Ah! Ah! Ah!" when Daddy brings home sweet bananas and palm nuts. But the most tasty of all is the big, yellow, and sweet papaw. I also like the mango fruit and coco-nuts. The only pity is that we have to drink water! This is terrible. . . . Twice a day we go to drink. When the sun rises from beyond the jungle, the defender who keeps watch wakes us up.

We call the grown-up, strong males, defenders. At dawn we mount the highest branches.

We welcome the sun with joyful cries. Afterwards we go down to the water in a crowd. I am so frightened of it! I know that other chimpanzees, even the strongest ones, are afraid to walk on the ground.

The third day.

I understand now that the ground and the water are terrible. To-day, as usual before sun-

set, we went towards the river. We sat down on the branches hanging over the bank. One of the defenders jumped down and rushed to the water. However, he didn't drink, but clambered up the tree hurriedly. He was casting anxious glances around, and chattered softly, but warningly.

"Why didn't Su drink?" I asked Mummy.

"He had to make sure first that no enemy was lying in wait near by," Mummy replied.

"What is an enemy?"

"That which does wrong and kills," she whispered.

I don't understand it. I wanted to ask more questions, but our people were already rushing towards the water. I ran beside my Mummy. We drank quickly, and leapt back onto the branches.

Only our neighbour Mi-Ri remained on the bank with her daughter. The defenders shouted to her to hurry. Mi-Ri did not obey, and looked into the water. She was laughing merrily, and chattering loudly.

I know that when I stoop over the water, I can see in it a little chimpanzee. When I put out my tongue, the other at once puts out hers. I laugh, but mother scolds me for making ugly faces.

"Mi!" shouted the defenders. "Come back! Come back!"

She wouldn't listen, and chattered louder and louder.

Suddenly a beautiful and nimble animal rushed out of the bushes. It was very big. It had a yellow coat with black spots and a long tail. The green eyes were aglow. With one leap it pounced upon the two little monkeys. It hit Mi-Ri with its paw, and caught the little daughter with its teeth. They ceased to shout, and lay without moving.

Ah! I still shiver when I think of it.

The attacker tore our monkeys with his sharp claws and ate them. The shouting of the defenders was of no avail.

"He ate them? As I eat the sweet bananas?" I asked Mummy.

"Yes," replied Mummy, sadly. "He killed poor, careless Mi-Ri."

Now I know what it means to "kill". . . . It is terrible and disgusting. . . .

A day of joy.

I could not sleep last night. . . . I went out of our cottage and sat down on the nearest branch. The whole village was asleep. Besides myself, only my father, the big, strong, and always worrying Rru, was not asleep. He was hanging by his hand from a branch. He gazed into the dusk, sniffing and listening. All our defenders in turn keep watch over our village every night.

It was perfectly quiet all around.

Bats flew to and fro, puling. One could hear

birds talking in their sleep in the nearby palm tree. A distant yelling and barking could be heard even here. . . .

Suddenly Daddy moved, and uttered a cautious "Oh! Oh!"

Two defenders came running at once. I overheard their conversation.

"A huge snake is creeping under the tree," whispered Daddy.

"No, it's a turtle. I have seen it during daytime. It slept in the grass," replied one of the defenders.

They listened for a while.

"Go to sleep!" said my father, reassured.

The chimpanzees went away.

"What is 'a huge snake' and 'turtle'?" I decided to ask Mummy. But I forgot.

To-day has been a jolly, merry day!

After the morning meal everybody set to work.

Suddenly, from the nearby tree, where our neighbours had their cottages, came piercing cries. Grown-up and little chimpanzees were running away in panic. They were terrified. Some of them even fell to the ground. They were screaming deafeningly.

Daddy looked in their direction, and grew pale.

"Run!" he shouted to us.

He was angry, for he began to beat his chest with his fists. One could hear the powerful blows.

We ran away before we knew why. At last my curiosity overcame me. I stopped and looked back.

Something very funny was running after our little escaping crowd. It leapt from branch to branch, caught at the overhanging lianas, shouted and whistled.

I don't know how this mad race would have ended but for Daddy. He stopped suddenly, gathered the other defenders, and shouted:

"We must defend ourselves. . . . We cannot run further. . . . We are on the edge of the forest. . . . I can already see the river."

Everybody stopped. The grown-up male chimpanzees pushed forward to the front. They growled menacingly, and beat their chests. Their eyes were glittering with fury. Daddy and the giant Kyr were showing their sharp fangs.

"What's the matter? Don't you recognise me?" sounded a cheerful voice. "It's me—Ori-Ori."

"Stop!" answered Daddy. "Stay where you are and speak."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed our pursuer. "I tell you I am Ori-Ori, the son of ancient U-Hua and the good Fo. . . ."

All kept silent. Then Daddy spoke again:

"Ori-Ori was captured in his youth. Black men carried him off."

"I am returning from captivity, ha, ha!" re-

"I am returning from captivity."

plied Ori-Ori, jumping across to a protecting branch. "I was sold to a barrel-organ grinder."

"What is a barrel-organ grinder?" enquired astounded voices.

"An old man in ragged clothes. He plays on a box which has a handle. The old man taught me many tricks. Look!"

Ori-Ori tumbled about, walked on his hands, and then pursed up his lips and gave a shrill whistle through his teeth. All of us were startled. The shy Ki-Ki fainted and fell off the branch.

Ori-Ori was chattering at the top of his voice:

"The old man taught me to wear clothes!"

Ori-Ori stepped on a thick bough. He wanted to show himself in all his greatness.

We were stupefied. On his head he had something yellow, lower down something red, and at the bottom something blue, like the skies.

"This is called a 'hat'!" he shouted, taking off the yellow thing. "This is a red coat, and this blue is trousers. A very nice suit of clothes."

As he spoke, he took it all off him. Only then was Ori-Ori recognised.

He was an ordinary chimpanzee. Except that on his head he had very little hair. One could see the white skin shining through the thin hair. Ori-Ori patted himself on the skull and muttered:

"I am getting bald. . . ."

Our entire crowd surrounded the new-comer. He told of his wanderings and adventures at

great length. I did not understand much of it, neither did the other chimpanzees.

Only one of them, the aged Ngu-Ngu, listened attentively, and muttered:

"I have seen it. . . . I have seen it. Do you remember, Aunt Hara-Ua?"

"Oh yes, yes, yes, quite so," rattled off the talkative Hara-Ua.

We children and the young chimpanzees at once took Ori-Ori to our hearts. We called him "Uncle."

Ori-Ori heard it. He tumbled about, grinned funnily, and chattered all over the neighbourhood. We shook with laughter. Uncle amused us all the whole day.

In the evening, he began to build himself a cottage. We all helped him joyfully.

Another joyful day.

From the day Uncle arrived, life in the settlement has changed. Merriment reigns all around. Ori-Ori works with the other males. He goes on distant expeditions. He brings back with him bananas, oranges and mandive roots. He leads the entire people to drink. At night time he keeps watch, hanging down from a branch.

Everything Ori-Ori does, he does merrily. Even when he keeps watch at night, he mutters something to himself and laughs quietly. All to himself.

Uncle has taken a fancy to me. He says I am the cutest. He has started to teach me his tricks. . . . We are having a good laugh together.

My Daddy Rru is the chieftain of the whole people. Before Daddy ruled Grandpa, the grey, decrepit Bo-Bo. Now Grandpa cannot do it any more. He can't see, he can't hear, and his legs are very weak.

Daddy ordered Uncle to throw his clothes away. Ori-Ori said nothing, only shook his head and whistled quietly.

Daddy knows that everyone is afraid of Uncle when he puts on his clothes and chinks the little bells of his coat. Daddy himself, the chieftain and defender of the village, is afraid of Uncle then.

Although Ori-Ori nodded his head, he did not get rid of his clothes. He hid them in the hollow trunk of the dry baobab tree. Having done this, he gave a wink with one eye, grinned, and whistled shrilly. Green and grey parrots replied with their noises. Thrushes, their sapphire colours changing in the golden sun, came flying to him. They wanted to know who it was who could whistle so beautifully.

I know already how to walk on my hands, with my legs thrown up. It's awfully funny!

Walking on my hands, I went to-day near Ki-Ki's hut. She peeped out of her nest and jumped in terror. She bumped against the thatched roof with her head so violently that she made a hole

in the roof. It took us a long time to pull Ki-Ki out. She was unable to get out by herself.

I also know how to tumble about and how to swing on the hanging cords of the lianas. It's a jolly game. The heart stops beating, and I can hardly get my breath. But when I swing well enough, I can throw myself over from one tree to another. I fly then like a bird.

"Why do you teach little Ket such things?" Mummy asked Uncle.

"Let her learn it!" he replied. "In life everything may prove useful."

I could not understand those words. Mummy did not understand either.

Uncle noticed this and whistled wistfully.

A day of war.

A great many fruit trees grow in our neighbourhood. Quite close we have bananas, papaws, mangoes, oranges, cocoa and palm trees covered with bunches of nuts. Down below, in the shadow of the jungle, grow roots of mandive and yams. We have food in plenty.

Our neighbours envy us this abundance.

They are the mischievous and troublesome "Long Snouts." The brown monkeys, who are always yelling and barking, are not much better. A little further off live the quarrelsome black monkeys with white hair round their faces. They brag about their long white tails.

These little monkeys are always attacking our bananas. Our defenders are obliged to drive them away. The Long Snouts are particularly troublesome. They know when we leave for the river. They invade the settlement, rob our stores, and destroy our little cottages.

To-day they all entered into a conspiracy, and began to pluck our bananas and oranges. Everybody alive hastened to repel the attack. Our numbers, however, were small.

Uncle saw this, and disappeared all of a sudden. He was back in a trice. He was dressed in the little yellow hat, the red coat with little bells, and the blue trousers. But this was not all. He had a thick stick in his hand, which he flourished in all directions.

Ori-Ori rushed against the invaders at a great pace. He tinkled the little bells, whistled, and swung the stick with great force.

The Long Snouts and the other monkeys which followed them started to run away at the sight of the strange apparition. They bawled at the top of their voices, they chattered with terror, and ran so quickly that the leaves and the little branches were strewn from the trees. The attackers, seized with panic, groaned and gnashed their teeth in fear.

Uncle drove them as far as the edge of the forest. In his pursuit he reached a big brown monkey and hit her with his stick over her hairy

head, knocking her down from the tree. At last he drove the whole crowd into the savannah. Then he climbed to the top of the tree, put two fingers into his mouth, and whistled until our ears almost split. The victorious Ori-Ori went shouting and laughing all over the jungle.

Everybody thanked Uncle, while he only smiled and said:

"The venerable Rru ordered me to destroy these clothes. Now you see how handy they were to us!"

Ah, I begin to understand why Ori-Ori is teaching me his funny tricks. They may prove useful in life. . . .

A day of gratitude that failed.

I do love Uncle so much. He is good to me, and has taught me all he knows himself. He says I do some things even better than he does. I do love him.

I wanted to please him, and to show him my gratitude.

"Ori-Ori," I said, "I shall teach you how to write."

He sighed and mused. After a while he said: "Alas, it is too late, my child. I am awfully sorry. I could write down strange adventures. Now I am too old for that. . . ."

"I shall teach you," I repeated.

"You won't," he whispered. "I know many

tricks, but I have no brains for learning. You have to do it when young. . . . You are the daughter of the chieftain and the last of the Rrus. . . . You must know how to write. It is your duty. You ought to write the history of our people."

"We shall write it together," I insisted.

"No, I can't, little Ket," he said. "I shall remain a dud till I die. . . ."

"Die? What is that?" I asked in astonishment.

He pondered and replied softly: "I don't know. . . ."

"Perhaps you know, but do not want to tell me?" I asked, looking searchingly into his eyes.

"I would like to explain, but I do not know how to do it," he replied. "You see, little Ket, once I felt that something was standing beside me. I could not see anything. But I understood that it was death. . . ."

"And then, what happened? Tell me. . . ."

"I was in a big city by the sea then . . . I ran away from the organ-grinder, and with fear in my heart I hid on the shore. There a man found me and took me with him. We were sailing for a long time. When we reached the shore again, I bolted once more . . . I searched for you in the jungle, and I found you. Then, when I arrived here, little Ket. . . ."

But still I did not understand what death is. I said so to Uncle. He smiled and said:

"You see what a stupid chimpanzee I am? I cannot explain anything. I could never learn how to write."

Uncle was sad.

I felt like crying, I don't know why. Because I could not show dear Ori-Ori my gratitude? Or because he did not want to learn? Or perhaps I was frightened by what Uncle said?

I don't know. . . . I was very sad all the evening.

Ngu-Ngu's day.

Ngu-Ngu is one of the oldest chimpanzees in the settlement. The hair round his wrinkled face and on his neck is beginning to turn white. He is very solemn and full of dignity.

We youngsters respect old people. We listen attentively to what they say. We never play them any pranks. We don't mimic them, and we keep silent in their presence.

Everybody respects Ngu-Ngu. Even Daddy, the chieftain of the chimpanzee people, likes to take counsel with him.

Only Ori-Ori did not like the old and wise Ngu-Ngu. They often quarrelled with each other.

To-day I heard a conversation which I did not understand.

"The main thing is to be cute, my dear Ngu-Ngu."

"The jackals, parrots and snakes are cute enough—that's nothing," replied the dotard. "The main thing, Ori-Ori, is noble life."

"What kind of sweetmeat is this noble life?" asked Uncle. "What does it taste like?"

"Stop your nonsense!" the elder admonished him. "You know what I mean. Don't pretend to be a fool."

"I don't," Ori-Ori teased him. "I don't know at all."

"Cunning doesn't amount to much. Let the cunning chimpanzee die, and cunning dies too. But noble life leaves its impress for ever. . . . The slender bamboo perishes without trace. The baobab, however, although dead, remains standing amidst the young, green trees for years and years. . . ."

Ori-Ori kept silent. Ngu-Ngu continued:

"Noble life means not to wrong anybody, not to covet the goods of others, and not to spare one's life for the defence of others. . . ."

Ori-Ori remained silent, and mused. The aged Ngu-Ngu waited. After a while Uncle whistled quietly, and asked: "You remember the last war with the Long Snouts, venerable Ngu-Ngu?"

"Uhu. . . ." muttered the dotard.

"Tell me now. I could have thrown myself against the enemy and perished in defence of our people. Do you call that noble life? In my disguise I succeeded in defending us all, and didn't

perish myself. I call that cunning. Which is better?"

Ori-Ori began chattering, with an artful twinkle in his eye.

"Your deed is better," Ngu-Ngu agreed. "It was cunning and . . . noble."

Ori-Ori jumped with joy, and whistled merrily.

From that day on he has ceased teasing the dotard, and has given up quarrelling with him.

Ngu-Ngu's second day.

I shall recount again what I overheard. I did not understand it. Perhaps I shall one day. . . .

Yesterday we returned from the river very late. The sun had set beyond the jungle long before. We had to wait at the water side for a very long time. Before us came the antelopes, buffaloes with sharp and widespread horns, and wild boars with loathsome snouts, armed with curved tusks and excrescences under the eyes. We drank only after they were gone.

The evening was very hot. None of us wanted to go into the cottages. It was close there and unbearably hot. We remained sitting on the edges of the nests, and listened to what the old ones were saying.

The oldest among us, my Grand-dad Bo-Bo, was talking.

"It is unseemly for chimpanzees to imitate

humans," he grumbled. "Man has his life, we have ours."

I could understand that Grand-dad was alluding to Ori-Ori. That very day Uncle had been going about all the time in his yellow hat, without any particular reason. He looked very solemn. When he met the neighbours, he took his hat off and brandished it over his bald head.

"That's how men greet each other!" he shouted boastfully.

The youngsters shook with laughter, and chattered like mad. The grown-ups smiled indulgently at Uncle's latest joke.

The aged Bo-Bo was angry with it, and grumbled. Unexpectedly, Ngu-Ngu took sides with Uncle.

"Don't say that, venerable friend," he said. "The life of everything alive is one and the same. The difference is only superficial."

"What?" asked Bo-Bo, raising his head.

"Listen to what happened to me once. Aunt Hara-Ua will confirm it," began Ngu-Ngu.

"Oh yes, yes, yes, quite so," chattered the talkative female.

"Long years ago men scared us away from the jungle. We took to flight and fell into set nets. We were bound and brought into a big house. We were fed well. Bananas, oranges, mangoes, nuts. . . . We always had clean water to drink. We got used to humans. They were good to us.

. . . Besides, they resemble us. They shake hands in the same way. . . . They mimic one another, and they chatter like us when they rejoice. They think themselves superior beings. . . ."

"H'm," muttered Ori-Ori, and winked one eye.

I and other young monkeys burst out laughing.

"Shut up, good-for-nothings!" scolded Daddy.

Mummy looked at me with reproach in her eyes and pursed her lips.

"After a time we were put into separate cages . . . We were visited by men in white clothes . . . They patted us, gave us the tastiest bits. At last, one day, we were suddenly pricked with something sharp. . . ."

"Did it hurt?" asked the neighbour Ba-Hi.

"Not really," said Ngu-Ngu, shrugging his shoulders. "Did it, Hara-Ua?"

"Oh yes, yes, yes, quite so!" confirmed the old chimpanzee at once. "I felt then that some liquid was penetrating under my skin."

"True," agreed Ngu-Ngu. "Soon afterwards I became ill, very ill. All my comrades were sitting sadly, refusing food or drink. They too were ill. Thereupon men in white clothes came again and pricked us once more. . . ."

"The organ-grinder pricked me too," interposed Ori-Ori.

"That's a different pricking," remarked Ngu-Ngu.

"What happened to you afterwards?" asked some voices.

"We were seventeen of us. One after another the chimpanzees began to die. In the end only Hara-Ua and myself remained," replied the dotard.

"Yes, yes, quite so!" said the talkative Hara-Ua. "Only I and the venerable Ngu-Ngu remained."

"Soon afterwards we regained our health," Ngu-Ngu resumed. "We were set free. . . . After mature reflection I realised what had happened. By pricking us, men infected us with disease. And by pricking us again they cured us. The aged I-So, too, heals our people by giving herbs and roots to the sick. White men gave us effective medicine. We were saved. The others perished. . . ."

Everybody remained silent. Suddenly Ori-Ori asked:

"Tell me, Ngu-Ngu. Do white men act nobly or cunningly? For they kill us, don't they? I heard something about it when I was in the great human settlement. Far away from here. . . . Beyond the sea . . ."

Old Ngu-Ngu answered without hesitation: "They act nobly. They kill some in order to save all. I am happy. I was able to help men in their noble work."

"To help?" asked Bo-Bo. "Help in what?"

"In the struggle against death, venerable chieftain," answered Ngu-Ngu. "We, too, suffer from diseases and death. Our life becomes ever shorter. Perhaps the time will come when we, too, shall live long, very long. . . ."

Again everybody remained silent. Even the youngsters sat silently. The old I-So, my Grandmummy, feeble with age, yawned loudly, and groaningly entered the cottage.

The chimpanzees dispersed.

I could not sleep that night. I was thinking. . . . The things the old people had said were so terrible!

A day of danger.

Tired by the sleepless night, I went in the morning to drink. Even the ever playful Uncle gave me no pleasure.

We arrived at the river just as some young antelopes were leaving. Thus we knew at once that there were no enemies near. The watchful red antelopes would have scented them, if there had been any.

We tarried rather long at the water side. The older chimpanzees entered the water and bathed in the warm stream. Mummy splashed about merrily among the stones, and chattered with delight.

As nobody paid any attention to me, I ran towards the bushes. I glided down the steep river-

bank and ran for the river. A big tree trunk lay in the water a few steps away from me. The greyish-green block of wood covered with slime and grass had four rows of excrescences.

"That's probably traces of torn off branches," I thought.

I started to throw stones into the water, and chase the butterflies. Then I observed little crabs with red and blue spots on their backs. They were running about in search of food.

Little fishes sprang out of the water onto the shore. Leaning on their fins in a funny way, they crawled upon the ground. Some of them climbed up the low hanging branches.

I was enjoying myself thoroughly. When I looked towards the water, I was petrified.

The greyish-green block was scrambling out of the water. It was moving towards me. It was some monster which I had never seen before. It had a long jaw. It gaped, hissed, and showed its sharp teeth. A tail bristling with prickles dragged behind.

I did not know which way to escape.

The monster was already on the shore and running towards me.

At the same moment Ori-Ori rushed out of the bushes. He caught hold of me and leapt towards the trees at a great pace. The next moment I was in a safe place, sitting beside Uncle on a high branch.

Ori-Ori said: "That reptile was a crocodile. A voracious and treacherous enemy. Lucky for you, the shore was steep. Otherwise it would have devoured you. . . ."

"I have seen how Mi-Ri and her daughter were devoured," I whispered amid tears.

"Who devoured her?"

"A beautiful, large animal with a yellow fur with black spots," I replied.

"Oho!" muttered Uncle, "I am sure it was a leopard. A big, rapacious cat. . . ."

Dear Uncle saved my life to-day!

I thanked him ardently. He laughed, and said:

"I have saved the biggest good-for-nothing in the village. I was sorry for the crocodile. If he were to swallow such a naughty child, he would go crazy and walk on his tail."

A day of wonders.

I have not written for three days! It's not my fault. I have been into the jungle.

One day, Daddy said to me:

"You are growing fast, Ket. You are quick and cute. In the afternoon you will go with Kyr and Ori-Ori into the jungle."

"What shall we do there?"

"Kyr and Ori-Ori will reconnoitre the road to the mountains."

" 'Mountains'? What is that?"

"Mountains are big, very big stones. We shall move there for the winter."

"What is 'winter'?"

"It is a time when the showery rains fall. We must find the way before this happens, we must know whether there is enough food, and whether we shall meet any enemies there."

I did not wait, but ran across to Uncle. Ori-Ori was preparing for the trek. He put on his motley suit, then sat down and carefully inspected his thick, knaggy stick.

"I begged Rru to be allowed to take you with us," he said, with a wink of his eye.

"Thanks, Uncle," I said.

"You will see many new things. You will know a bit of the world, little Ket," Ori-Ori said. "The world is very beautiful. Only a fool cannot see it. I love the world and everything there is in it. Love and happiness can be found in every tiny corner of it."

I didn't understand, but I believed Uncle. I was curious to see love and happiness which had their cottages in every tiny corner of the world. What do they look like? Are they like us chimpanzees?

"What is the 'world'?"

"Everything that you see around you," explained Uncle, and added, "The jungle, the trees, our nests and our people, birds, stars, water, the crocodile, the skies and the leopard. . . ."

"Everything I see?" I whispered. "Then you, too, Uncle, are the world?"

He did not reply. He patted my head which had a beautiful parting in the hair, and whispered:

"Little silly, little silly one."

"Why am I silly?" I asked, pulling at his hand.

"You will find out later, my darling Ket," he laughed, and suddenly he began to flourish his stick with all his might.

In the afternoon, five old and ten young chimpanzees started off into the 'world.' I kept close to Uncle.

We proceeded along the branches. We did not descend to the earth at all. All the trees were joined by the branches forming a green roof over the ground. Just like the roof over our cottage.

Under the trees it was dark and sultry. Bushes and reeds threw their shoots upwards. Here the sun never peeped in. From the boggy earth vapours rose. Mighty trees, overthrown by hurricanes, were rotting there. In the dusk, black sylvan antelopes glided like shadows. Dragging his hoofs with difficulty from the bog, a lone buffalo was striding cautiously. The snakes crept along without a sound. Parrots and other fowl called and chirped somewhere high up.

Something glittered from afar. It was a lake. It was surrounded by high bamboos and dense bushes.

At Ori-Ori's outcry we climbed higher up. The whole lake could be seen beneath.

"Don't make a noise now, and you will see many wonders," Kyr advised us with a smile.

I crouched upon the branch and looked around me. I could not see anything extraordinary.

But on looking closer I noticed a heap of stones in the lake, quite close to the shore. Little white herons and some other birds were running over them. Suddenly the stones moved.

"Oh! Oh!" I uttered.

"Psh!" warned Ori-Ori, and pinched my arm.

I kept silent. Meanwhile the stones were submerged in the water. They were swimming towards the shore. They were huge, fat monsters. Their enormous bellies hung down between their legs. And what legs! They looked like thick and short logs of wood. The monsters stepped heavily with their heads hanging down to the earth. They were sniffing and snorting. They walked one after the other.

After they had passed, I noticed deep trenches which they had treaded out.

Ori-Ori leaned towards me.

"They're hippopotami!" he whispered, "Good-natured and lazy beasts."

Meanwhile the monsters scattered among the bushes. From time to time they opened their jaws, showing enormous, curved tusks and teeth protruding in front. They yawned with a roar.

That roar was like the thunder, which had frightened me so much.

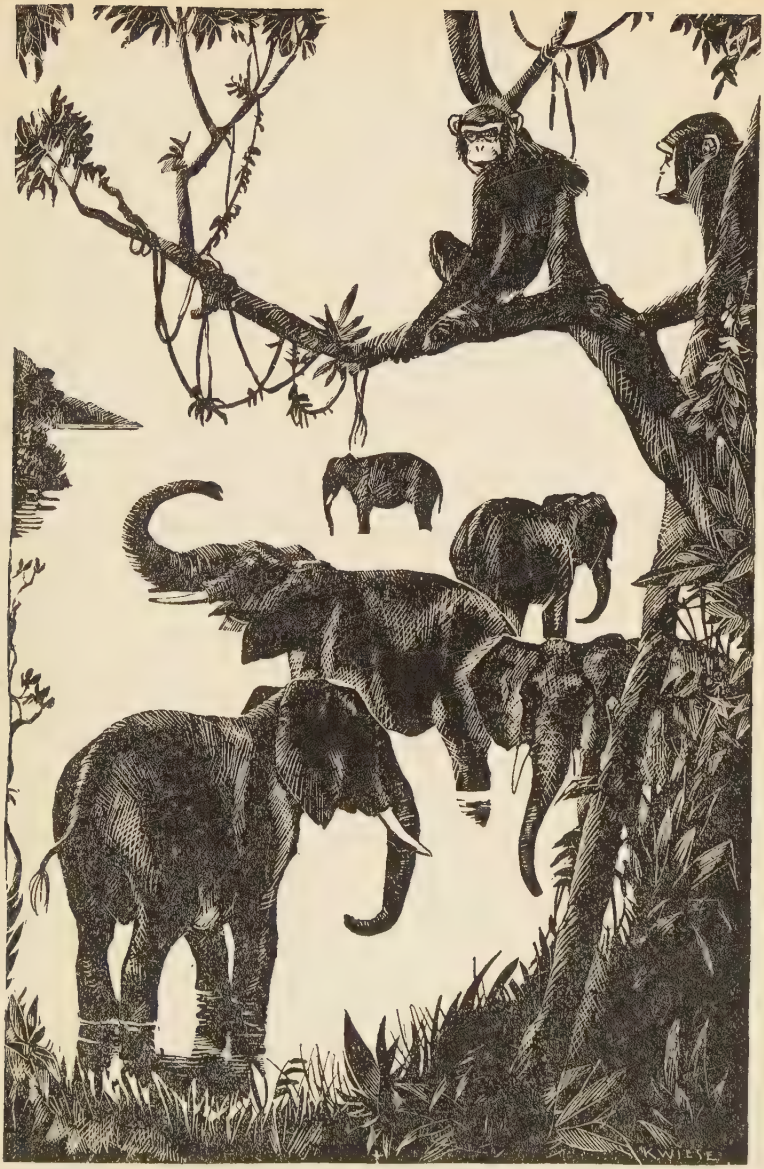
Some of the hippopotami lay down in the grass. They lay with their muzzles open. Little grey birds flew into their open jaws. They ferreted in the teeth of the monsters and pecked out the insects. Little herons perched on the backs of the hippos. They were looking there for leeches and snails. I am sure there must have been lots of them sticking to the skins of the fatties. The work of the herons seemed to please the lazy fellows. They groaned and muttered with contentment.

The monsters had a real feast by the lake. With their protruding front teeth they gathered in big bunches of juicy grass. With their curved tusks they grubbed up the roots of the bamboos. I thought they would eat up the whole jungle.

Luckily, they suddenly began to prick up their ears. They snorted loudly and wagged their little tails. One of the hippos roared quietly. Immediately the whole herd hurried towards the water. After a little while I saw them again. They were hiding under the branches overhanging the lake. They showed only their nostrils, eyes and ears.

"Psh!" hissed both Kyr and Ori-Ori.

From the edge of the forest something immense was approaching with a great hullabaloo. Young trees were bending and falling with a crash. Bamboo canes were being trampled down.



"They have two tails!"

The sound grew ever louder. Then the shrubbery was parted, and new, fat giants appeared on the shore. They were still bigger and still stranger than the others!

"Ha, ha, ha! Elephants!" Uncle laughed softly.

They were strange creatures. By their magnitude and colour they resembled grey rocks. I had seen such rocks in the jungle not far from our settlement.

The elephants are huge animals! Their heads were so big that ten grown-up chimpanzees could sit comfortably on one of them. Their ears, constantly moving nervously, were of a similar size. Those ears were like big leaves shaken by the wind.

"Oh! Oh!" I muttered in amazement. "They have two tails!"

"The one in front is not a tail," laughed Ori-Ori, "it's a trunk."

"What is a 'trunk'?"

"H'm," muttered Uncle. "It is a very useful thing. Can you see how skilfully the elephants pluck the little branches? Their trunk is like our hand. Now, look! The elephants drink water by drawing it up with their trunks as we do with our lips. The trunk also makes the noise. Listen!"

Just then one of the elephants straightened its trunk and made a sound.

"Ooooo . . . Ooooo . . . Ooooo!" it quivered through the air.

The voice was carried through the jungle a long way. Somebody, hidden in the jungle, repeated, "Ooooo . . . Ooooo . . . Ooooo!"

At this the elephants entered the water.

I could not help laughing.

They began to pour water over their backs, squirting streams of water out of their trunks. They rubbed one another's necks and sides, murmuring and roaring. Out of their funny little snouts protruded long, white tusks.

After their bath the elephants came out on the shore. I could see now why they had such long, curved tusks. The giants tore up young trees and ate the roots.

"They also fight with these tusks," said Kyr to me. "Elephants fear no one except man. They are the most powerful inhabitants of the jungle."

I could understand that elephants were not afraid of anyone. They went about and grazed in peace. Nobody attacked them, except only biting horse-flies and clinging ticks, which they drove away with their ears and trunks. They also wagged their thin tails which were covered with hard and black hair.

I could never grow tired of looking at those giants.

Kyr, however, gave the signal. We went on.

"It looks bad!" said Ori-Ori. "There is not a trace of food."

"Wait a little, neighbour," replied Kyr. "We shall find bananas on the shore of the little river."

Our little crowd ran on and on.

We met a considerable herd of quarrelsome black monkeys. They scoffed at us. Some of them threw some fruits, sour and hard, like stones, at us. But we did not seek a quarrel with these naughty neighbours.

In the thicket I noticed a little animal. Grey and spotted, it had a long tail with black stripes. It crept like a snake.

"What is it?" I asked Kyr.

"A mongoose," he replied. "A little devil. The terror of birds and hares."

We went on further and further. Suddenly the jungle became less dense. We were approaching the river.

In the little crowd of chimpanzees hurrying behind us, a scream was heard. A moment afterwards a tree fell down with a crash. Some of our companions had hardly time to jump over to the next palm tree.

Kyr went back and examined the fallen trunk.

"I thought so!" he ejaculated. "It's the work of the termites. Come on, youngsters, I will show you something."

We rushed towards him in a throng.

"You see," he said, "how this tree was hollowed out? Nothing except the bark and the branches remain. This was done by the white ants, or termites. They are blind, but industrious and very strong. Their nests are deep down below the ground. And they bore the tree and eat it from inside. It would have remained standing perhaps for a long time yet. When you jumped on it in a crowd, it broke down. You understand?"

"Yes, we do."

Scratching the rotten wood of the broken tree, I noticed a long file of tiny white creatures. They all ran in the same direction, quickly and orderly.

"What are they doing?" I asked Kyr.

"I don't know," he replied. "But I know that everybody should learn from ants and termites."

"Learn? What?" asked the young chimpanzees.

"Orderliness, industry and attentiveness," replied Kyr in a serious voice.

I wanted to think over what our leader said. But I had no time.

From under the trees came a furious sniffing and snoring. Then a gnashing of teeth. I hurried towards the lower branches and peeped down.

An extraordinary creature was crawling out of a deep hole. It climbed out and with a gnashing

and cracking suddenly covered itself with black prickles covered with white stripes.

"Come here! Come here!" I shouted. "You will see a very terrible animal!"

Kyr said at once:

"This is the porcupine. It has very strong paws with sharp claws. It rakes up the nests of termites and ants. It feeds on those insects."

"Why has it so many prickles on it?" we asked.

"When it bristles them, it feels safe. Nobody will touch it then," laughed Kyr. "Undoubtedly it is hastening towards that tree you have upset. It will have a feast!"

We hadn't run much further, jumping from one tree to another, when a small river blocked our path.

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On the shore a family of crocodiles was basking in the sun. Around them the same little grey birds were bestirring themselves which I had seen on the backs of the hippos. They peeped into the wide open jaws of the reptiles and pecked there.

"They have found a nice place to look for tidbits!" laughed Uncle, and uttered a piercing whistle.

The heavy, unwieldy crocodiles, together with their small, dexterous little ones, at once jumped into the water.

On the beach were perched big herons and pinky-white birds with bags under their long

beaks. Kyr said they were pelicans. From moment to moment they jumped into the water and caught red and silvery fish.

Various little birds were running to and fro. Our eyes were dazzled with the many colours of this multitude of birds.

A covey of rust-coloured partridges came running to the shore. Far away a hippo raised his head out of the water. He snorted loudly, and splashed the waters round him.

"How shall we cross to the other side?" asked the young chimpanzees.

"Don't worry, we shall get there," Kyr said.

He cast a glance around him, caught hold of a hanging liana, and began to swing himself. Gathering momentum, he swung right across the river. He was already clinging to the branch of a tree growing on the other side.

We followed his example.

Uncle was particularly happy in this adventure. As he flew over the water, he cut two capers in the air. Leaping on to the branch, he shouted joyfully: "A double somersault!"

"What do you say?" asked Kyr.

"I said that I had succeeded in making a double somersault," he replied, winking with one eye.

"What does that mean?" our leader kept asking.

"To be sure, I don't know myself. It's done as

you have seen me do it. Hop! Two capers, and lo, on the feet again! Yes, that's how it's done."

Uncle laughed loudly. He frightened one of the pelicans. We all joined the merry Ori-Ori in a chorus.

But our joy ended in sadness.

Among our little crowd was young Aka. A brave, dear boy. Somewhat of a good-for-nothing and frightfully inquisitive.

Having crossed the river, we rested for a while. Aka kept fidgeting about. He peeped everywhere, and he needs must touch everything. He went some distance away, and called me: "Ket, come here, I will show you something."

I rushed towards him.

"Look!" he said. "What a strange branch! I never saw one like this before."

I looked closely. It wasn't an ordinary branch. It was covered with brown-coloured bark with large black spots on it. When the sun fell on it it shone and changed its colour in the dazzling glare.

Suddenly I noticed that the branch quivered and began to move so slowly that it was hardly noticeable.

I had no doubt now that it was a snake. It was much bigger than the snakes I had seen near our settlement.

The snake slowly raised its head. It stared at us with its unwinking, piercing pupils. It stole towards us, stretching its body.

"Run, Aka! Run!" I shouted in terror.

I jumped on to a liana, and reached the neighbouring tree in a trice.

Aka had no time to follow my example. All of a sudden the snake moved violently. In the twinkling of an eye it wound itself around Aka's body and strangled him. It seemed to me that I heard the cracking of poor Aka's bones.

I shouted for help. Soon Kyr, Ori-Ori and the young defenders were at my side.

Meanwhile the snake, hooking itself round a branch with its tail, was swallowing dead Aka.

The defenders fell upon the snake. They mangled it, scratched it, bit it, they tried to choke it. The snake retreated before the courage of the defenders. It glided away from the tree and disappeared into the bushes.

Nobody pursued it.

"We shall not save unhappy Aka," said Kyr, sadly. "He perished in the terrible embrace of the snake."

Why did the snake kill and swallow dear Aka? Aka didn't do anything wrong to it. I hate that huge, spotted snake!

Ori-Ori maintains that we have met a "python." Despicable, evil python!

Poor, poor Aka!

We found a grove of bananas. Although we were all very sad, we had a real feast. Ori-Ori overate himself. He was unable even to whistle. He could only chatter weakly. Every now and then he fell asleep. The others enjoyed themselves too. Not far away we found cocoa palms.

We returned to the settlement burdened very heavily.

A day of preparations.

We have been working very hard all day long. We are leaving our cosy cottages.

I asked why we were doing it. Daddy said that winter is approaching. Mummy pointed with her finger to heaven.

A dark cloud was crawling across the sky. A gust of wind preceded it. It was warm and damp. I could feel it, because the hair on my head rose of itself, dishevelling the beautiful parting of which I was so proud.

Something thundered afar. . . . Daddy said a storm was approaching.

During the night it flashed. At moments it was as bright as daylight. It lasted only for a while, after which the dusk was even darker than before.

At first I was scared a bit. I snuggled my head under Mummy's arm.

The day was hard. We drew from our stores

little roots, bananas and nuts. We tied everything up with dry grasses. . . .

To-morrow we start.

A marching day.

We started before dawn.

The grown-ups carried bundles of food. The younger ones followed. Kyr and Daddy led the way. The chieftain must always be in front.

Uncle was just behind them. He was completely dressed. A yellow-red-and-blue Ori-Ori flashed through the bushes. The black monkeys and some of the Long Snouts whom we met ran away screaming at the sight of him. Uncle ran on quickly, flourishing his stick threateningly.

It took us a long time to reach the little river near which Aka perished. The march was delayed because of the small children. They hung on to their mothers, and wept all the time. The old people, too, were unable to walk fast. Our whole crowd advanced very slowly.

The sun was already setting when we came to the river.

"We must cross to the other side to-day. We shall stop for the night on the other side," ordered Daddy.

The crossing was very difficult.

Poor dear Ori-Ori had to work very hard to-

day. I was sorry for him. He took up mothers with their children and carried them over. Other defenders helped him. They had a lot of trouble with the transport of the aged and heavy Bo-Bo and Ngu-Ngu.

Kyr himself carried old I-So over on his shoulders. Grand-mummy screamed and wept with fright.

At last the crossing was finished. Daddy chose the spot where we were to spend the night.

We ate some food.

Suddenly Grand-mummy uttered a low groan.

"What is it, good, faithful I-So?" asked Bo-Bo solicitously.

"I shall depart from you for ever . . ." she whispered. "For ever. . . . Live in peace. . . . Do not wrong anybody. . . . Defend yourselves bravely. . . . Do not attack anybody. . . . Do not covet what is not yours. . . ."

Everybody listened to the old lady silently and anxiously.

She breathed heavily. She clutched her breast. . . .

I noticed now that she was very old. . . . She was shrivelled and bowed down. She became ever so small, and so frightfully thin. Her lips turned blue. Her eyes went out. She trembled all over.

"Dear, good I-So!" Bo-Bo repeated, restraining his tears with difficulty.

With great effort, I-So rose. With her failing hands she began to climb towards the higher branches.

Mummy wanted to follow her. Daddy stopped her and said quietly: "Stay, Lo-Lo, mother is departing from us. . . ."

Granny meanwhile disappeared in the thicket of branches. I slipped out unobserved and soon overtook her.

She stopped at the very top of the tree—where the last branches raise their black arms towards heaven. She placed herself in a tangle of branches and leaned her head against the tree trunk.

She raised her face upwards. The setting sun threw its ruddy glamour over it. Enraptured, aged I-So stretched her arm towards the sun. She uttered a long, shrill cry. Was she saying farewell to the sun? . . .

Her arm dropped, and the body of old Granny became still and quiet.

The same moment a black shadow flew over the tree. Again and again. A huge black bird settled on the branch. It peered into I-So's eyes. It croaked sighingly, as if it were crying.

I sat concealed, and was unable to move.

At last, the black bird seized Granny's body with its claws and drew its whole body erect. It lifted wide its wings for flight, tore itself away from the branch and carried I-So away.

It flew off slowly, becoming smaller and small-

er in the distance. It faded into a tiny black spot. Another moment and it melted away in the golden desert of the skies. . . .

Granny I-So had departed from us. . . .

Second day of the march.

At daybreak we went on.

When the sun stood at its highest we descended from the trees. The forest came to an end.

Before us, as far as the eye could reach, extended a plain covered with high grass and low bushes. Here and there small groups of palm trees raised their crowns. In the distance could be seen bluish mountains.

Dad and Kyr muttered low warnings.

Our little group crowded together. In the center marched the children surrounded by their mothers. The young defenders ran on both sides. The chieftains, marching about a score of paces in front of us, examined the neighbourhood carefully.

From time to time they uttered low cries.

On the plain I could see grazing buffaloes, and big grey and small red antelopes. The latter ran away at sight of us. Partridges and guinea-hens sprang up suddenly, beating their wings and uttering piercing cries.

This unexpected uproar frightened us. The screams of females and the crying of the small

children arose. The chieftains and the defenders tried to appease us with a quiet chatter.

We advanced quickly. We had nothing to eat or drink. We had to reach the mountains before dusk. They were rising from the ground. They became ever higher and higher, darker and darker.

At noon they were no more blue, but black. Before sunset they were a reddish-grey.

The last purple glare was dying in the sky when we reached our goal. We halted on huge blocks of rock. The chieftains and the defenders examined our new lair. At last they came back and led us on.

Last night we spent the night in caves. These were deep openings in the mountains. The roofs were of stone.

It was hard and uncomfortable. I cried noisily. I felt terrible pains in my sides. Whenever I moved, sharp stones pricked my body. I longed to be back in our cosy cottage on my bed made of down and soft grass.

In the evening it thundered and lightened terribly. I was so unhappy!

A lot of antelopes roamed over the savannah, grazing on the fresh and juicy grass. The elephants stretched out their trunks, plucking young leaves and pale yellow shoots of trees.

At night time, a storm again raged over the earth. The downpour lasted till the morning.

Lightnings flashed and thunder rolled across the skies. Huge stones broke loose from the summits and rolled down with a crash.

I shook with cold and fear. . . .

A day of unseen things.

Nowadays we don't go to the river to water. We drink water which collects in the cavities of the rocks.

The defenders leave the caves at daybreak. They go out to the savannah to gather food for us. At this time of the year there are no fruits. The rain and winds have knocked them off the trees.

We feed now on fresh bamboo shoots, on the roots of some plants with large leaves and even on fresh young leaf buds.

I am very fond of young bamboos. They taste like the sweetest of bananas. The grown bamboo isn't sweet, but it is very tasty and nourishing.

To-day we went hungry till dusk.

Our defenders set out as usual for food but returned immediately. Daddy and Kyr croaked warningly in a low voice. We were ordered to lie low in the darkest corners. But from my hiding place I could see the savannah.

I couldn't discover anything new there. A long way off, a big herd of elephants could be seen. At the foot of the hills buffaloes and antelopes were grazing.

But evidently something was going on near by.

From moment to moment the old buffalo leaders turned their horned heads towards the jungle. They pricked up their ears, sniffed and snorted loudly. The antelopes, too, were uneasy. The males stood with raised heads, immovable and vigilant. The elephants moved quickly towards a deep, narrow ravine. It stretched near our mountains and was entirely covered with a young, thick forest. The huge animals strode with ears erect. They lifted their trunks and inhaled the air noisily.

But I could perceive nothing in the savannah.

The watchful red antelopes were startled first. They raced madly towards the thicket of palms.

From the jungle a flock of parrots flew across, shouting fearfully. Coveys of partridges started up from the high grass and dropped into nearby bushes.

Silence prevailed everywhere. Everything alive hid and huddled away.

From the distant forest strange figures emerged, one after another.

Never before had I seen anything like it in the jungle.

They resembled us chimpanzees. But they walked on two legs instead of four, as we usually do. Ori-Ori during his frolics sometimes walked like that, leaning on a stick. The unknown beings had short arms, not reaching down so low

as ours. Their colour was black, although they had no hair on their bodies. They walked erect, carrying some white and green packages on their heads.

"These — are — humans," whispered Uncle, moving closer to me. "Have a good look at them, little Ket. Beware lest their eyes should ever fall on you."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because then you will never again return to your Mummy," he answered.

"Death?" I asked.

"Something of the kind, perhaps even worse," he whispered. "But look, look! Can you see? These black men are Negroes, inhabitants of this land. Oh! There is a white man too! As I expected. The black men are carrying him."

"Is the white man not an inhabitant of this land?" I asked Uncle again.

"No. They have their settlements beyond the sea," he explained. "Look now!"

Twenty black men appeared on the savannah. They were followed by four more. These four carried two poles on their heads. Between the poles lay a figure clad in white.

I at once recognised the hat, the coat and the trousers. Exactly the same as Ori-Ori had, except that they were white.

One of the Negroes marching at the head of the procession suddenly bent towards the

ground. The whole procession stopped. The Negro approached the lying man in white clothes. He said something and made movements with his hands.

"Oho!" whispered Uncle, "he is showing the white man the trails of the elephants. . . ."

The recumbent figure stepped to the ground and examined the trails. After a while something glittered in the hands of the white man. Preceded by the Negro, he was now walking towards us, treading cautiously among the bushes.

"Can you see the shining stick in the hands of the white man?" asked Uncle. "That's a rifle. We shall have a fire show! Look and don't cry, little Ket. Set your teeth and keep quiet."

It took them a long time for the Negro and the white man to come close to our rocks.

I could understand everything now.

On the damp and soft ground there were deep holes. These were the trails left by the elephants. The legs of the heavy giants had sunk deep into the quaggy ground. Wherever they passed, they always left these deep depressions.

Anybody could understand that they had passed only a little while ago. Water was trickling into the holes and had not had time to fill them yet.

The men passed our rocks. They approached the narrow pass.

I ran out of the cave, following Uncle. We hid behind the rocks and watched.

The white man advanced into the narrow ravine. He stopped behind a thick tree. The Negro climbed the steep wall, looked and listened intently. He whistled softly. The white man made a sign with his hand. The black man ran quickly, made his way around the ravine, and began to descend the opposite side. He was shouting and whistling shrilly.

"I can whistle like that!" said Ori-Ori proudly.

Meanwhile the shouting and whistling had scared the elephants. I noticed that they began to emerge from the dense bushes. They raised their ears threateningly and went with their trunks stretched forward.

They came nearer and nearer to the white man who was lying in wait behind the tree. Not seeing him, they entered a small clearing. They stopped, turning their heads towards the Negro who was following them from afar, and listened.

The white man lifted his rifle quickly.

Something extraordinary happened. I shivered and uttered a loud cry.

A lightning broke loose from the rifle, and a roar made the air tremble.

One of the elephants, the biggest one, with thick, up-curved tusks, dropped suddenly to its knees. It tried to rise again, but could not, and fell on its side.

Roaring lamentably and fearfully, the herd scattered in all directions. Trees and bushes were felled with loud crashing as the animals rushed by.

The white man lifted his rifle and thundered twice.

One more elephant suddenly slipped and fell to the ground. Two old elephants ran to it immediately, helped it to get up, and led it away.

The rest of the Negroes hastened across the savannah.

"The white man shot the elephants," explained Ori-Ori. "He killed one and wounded another. . . ."

The blacks surrounded the dead animal. I saw them extract its tusks and lay them down in front of the white man. He laughed and said something.

With shouts of joy the Negroes fell upon the dead elephant. With some sharp tools, which Uncle calls "knives" and "axes," they began to hack the elephant's body to pieces. Then, sitting down on the ground, they devoured it.

I could not watch any longer. Crying and trembling all over, I hid in the darkest corner of the cave.

A terrible night.

Not until sunset did the evil men leave the narrow pass yesterday. They crossed the savan-

nah once more and disappeared in the jungle.

Our defenders rushed out of the cave to fetch food for our people. Sniffing cautiously, the buffaloes and antelopes came out of their hiding-places. They grazed at ease now.

Preying partridges, guinea- and rock-hens ran about in the grass. They were amusing little birds, pert, quarrelsome, with saucy feathers flaunting from their tails.

Only the elephants did not return to the savannah.

"They are taking refuge as far as they can now. They are looking for a safer pasture," thought Ori-Ori.

The older chimpanzees returned very soon. They brought with them fresh bamboo and young branches covered with bunches of juicy leaves.

After the meal we rested as usual.

Dusk had already begun to fall.

On the eastern sky black clouds began to gather.

"There will be a storm during the night," shouted my Daddy. "Block the entrance to the cave with stones and branches."

Soon afterwards I slept quietly. I don't know how long I slept. I did not even hear the peals and roars of thunder, or the rattle of the downpour.

Something else woke me up. I had become used to the voice of tempest. It did not terrify me any

more. That night some other sounds invaded our cave. The howl of the wind and the roar of thunder were unable to silence them.

I was awakened by the sound of a menacing and gloomy roar, by barking and wailing laments. I was so terrified that I did not know where I was. I fretted about the cave and cried loudly.

With great difficulty Mummy succeeded in calming me and made me lie down beside her. I could not sleep till dawn.

The storm passed. The rain stopped. The terrifying voices, however, did not become silent. The same groans, weeping, yelling and gnashing came from the bottom of the ravine.

Ori-Ori stuck out his head from behind the rock and became all ears.

"The jackals have vanished, abandoning their prey. . . . Oh, even the hyenas are bristling the hair on their necks. They set their ears back . . . snarling furiously . . . they depart cringingly."

After a while the whole gang disappeared in the bushes.

We could not see anything for a long while, until all of a sudden I noticed that the high grass was moving and being parted asunder.

A beautiful animal came into the field out of the thick bush. I recognised at once that it was a leopard. It exactly resembled the one that killed careless Mi-Ri.

It squatted on its haunches. It crawled along like a snake. Its eyes were aglow. Its long striped tail lashed.

After a time the leopard grew quiet and began to tear into the elephant's side. It snarled and growled loudly, looked around and bared its sharp teeth.

The hyenas and the jackals lay hidden in the bush. They waited. But they dared not leave their hiding-places.

At last the spotted beast of prey went away, satisfied. The whole gang returned at once.

By nightfall only the bare bones of the elephant remained in the field. . . .

Days of hunger.

For two days we have had nothing to eat.

We are besieged. Our defenders are unable to leave the mountains. In the bushes growing between the rocks lions have settled. Two males and one female.

It is difficult to notice them among the stones. They are immovable, and their tawny hides do not differ at all from the colour of our mountains.

The entrance into our cave remains barricaded with stones.

The children are intermittently crying. The mothers are in despair. The defenders keep watch near the entrance.

Although the caves are situated very high up, they can be reached.

The male chimpanzees are prepared for battle. . . . Every now and then one of them strikes his chest furiously. . . .

Ori-Ori is crouching close to the edge. He doesn't let the stick out of his hand for a moment.

The lions are lying in wait for their prey. They have set a trap.

On the savannah nothing is to be seen after the nocturnal feast of the hyenas and the visit of the leopard. Everything has hidden far away.

Probably the leopard is roving about in the neighbourhood. Or perhaps the buffaloes and antelopes have scented the new enemies. The lions are waiting patiently.

* * * *

On the third day only did the scene in the savannah change.

A herd of big antelopes with sharp, twisted horns came to graze. I had never seen them before. They must have come from far away. Grazing, they slowly approached the mountains.

The lions clung to the stones, their bodies flattened against them. Only their backs bristled. The black tufts at the end of their tails beat the ground. Their huge, yellow eyes were rivetted on the beautiful animals.

The distance between them and the ambush diminished considerably. One of the lions slipped

unobserved down the rocks and disappeared into the thick bush.

I could not see him for a long time. He appeared again, far away, behind the herd. He was doing the same as the Negro in the ravine. He was driving the antelopes.

In a mad race they rushed towards the rocks.

The rapacious animals leapt towards them. Making enormous bounds, they fell upon the antelopes. They rent their backs and sides. They felled them with one stroke of their paws.

Three antelopes, bleeding profusely, were left on the ground.

The lions continued to chase the herd. They advanced far in their pursuit. They returned only at dusk. With low snarlings they feasted until daybreak. . . .

At last we were free.

Daddy led the whole people into the savannah. We dug edible roots, we gnawed at the stems of bamboo sticking out of the ground, we plucked leaves and little branches swollen with sap.

Uncle rejoiced and shouted merrily. He frolicked, sauntered about, walked on his hands, and chased the little monkeys, laughing the while.

In search of the bamboo shoots I advanced far into the dense cane. I met with nothing except little, coloured birds. They flew around, chirped and warbled merrily. They were catching caterpillars and tiny flies, and chasing butterflies.

I found a cosy clearing. Through it ran a little streamlet which murmured pleasantly. In the soft ground thick white stems of young bamboo cane were growing.

I did have a good time there! I ate so much I could hardly move. I don't know how it happened, but I fell asleep.

When I woke up again, it was pitch dark. I did not know in which direction I ought to go. I uttered a sad cry. But I realised at once that this was dangerous. I remembered Daddy's warnings. The sound attracts enemies from everywhere.

Nobody replied to my cry. Obviously, failing to find me, the chimpanzees had returned to the mountains.

I fancied I heard a distant whistle. Perhaps it was Uncle?

I climbed the nearest tree. I looked around. In the darkness I could see only the neighbouring trees. Nothing more.

I decided to go on on the off chance. I ran at full speed across the space between the trees, and immediately climbed up to the highest branches.

When I sat down to have a little rest, I heard a murmur and soft twitting. I was petrified. I was just about to jump down to the ground, when suddenly, quite close to me, two red stars were lit. Mad with fear, I ran away. There was no

safety anywhere. On every side shone the same stars.

At last, in my fear and despair, I fell into a furious rage. I beat my chest, bared my teeth and snarled. I wasn't afraid of anything any more. I threw myself towards the stars shining close by, and reached out with my hand. Something whined wailingly. I caught hold of the little creature moving in the dusk and squeezed it hard.

I took a close look at it. It was very small, and covered with a grey fur. I had seen similar animals on the palms. Kyr called them palm-rats, Ori-Ori squirrels.

The little animal had large eyes glowing like stars. It was weak and very unhappy. It wasn't a squirrel because it had no tail. I let the prisoner go, and ran on, with rather more courage.

Now I could quite distinctly hear a broken whistle. Only Uncle could have whistled thus. The whistle was repeated nearer and clearer. I shouted:

"Ori-Ori! Ket is here . . . alone. . . ."

A black shadow flitted across the nearby stream and disappeared in the dusk. But I could hear a soft rustle of the grass.

Something was approaching me. I lay down. I did not even breathe.

"Ket! Ket!" somebody called. "Where are you? Answer!"

"I am here, Uncle! Come, come, I am afraid! Uncle!" I shouted.

One jump, and Ori-Ori was close to me. He patted my head, he breathed caressingly into my face, he embraced me. I clasped him, and kissed good Ori-Ori's cold hands.

"What happened to you, little Ket?" he asked anxiously and solicitously. "Mummy is weeping streams of tears. We shall all be drowned. Rru is going about in despair. He thrashed the defender who was watching your party. Old Bo-Bo is sighing all the time. Everyone is sad. I couldn't stand it, and came to look for my good-for-nothing. . . . Well, well, don't shiver! Everything will be all right. . . . Now we shall know what to do. We shall spend the night here. Happily there is no rain to-day. We should look nice if it were raining. We should have no need to go out to drink for a twelvemonth. . . . Don't talk now, little Ket, and go to sleep."

I had no desire to sleep at all. I told Uncle of my adventure and of my fight with the squirrel.

"It wasn't a squirrel," he said at last. "It was a small lemur. It has eyes like electric lamps."

"What is a 'lamp'?" I enquired.

"Oh, you won't understand if I tell you. You have to see it," he replied, and yawned.

After a while, he began to sneeze violently. We both laughed.

"In the darkness I dropped into a bog. My feet

are all wet. . . ." he explained in a broken voice, sneezing again violently.

But this wasn't the end of my adventure.

I realised how dreadful the night is. I learnt how many terrible things it conceals in its darkness.

Dawn was approaching. A misty grey covered the sky. I could already clearly distinguish the bushes, stones, and the bed of the stream.

After a while I noticed a covey of partridges sleeping in the grass. They slept pressed to the ground under the leaves of a palm bush. Their little heads were hidden under their wings.

I don't know where from, but suddenly a spotted mongoose with a long tail covered with black stripes appeared. In the twinkling of an eye it set upon the covey. Before I could realise what was happening, the rapacious little beast had devoured two partridges. He was about to kill a third, when Ori-Ori whistled. The mongoose waved its striped tail and ran away without looking back.

"Let's go!" said Uncle, jumping to the ground.

We ran fast, and when daybreak came we climbed high up a solitary tree. From it we could see almost the whole savannah.

Not far away from us, well concealed in the palm bushes, a herd of red antelopes was sleeping. When they were motionless, even the sharpest eye could not notice them. However, they

were discovered, not by the sight, but by the scent of a beast of prey.

From behind the thick trunk of a palm tree, suddenly a black, white-spotted civet protruded its head. It snuffed and jumped. Like a stone it dropped on to the back of the goat. The latter started to run, carrying the civet with it. But it staggered and fell to the ground. Blood came from its wounded neck.

We were obliged to remain on the tree for a long time. At last, when the satiated civet went away, licking its lips, we started on our way again.

Soon we were ascending the steep slopes of our mountains.

Mummy licked my face, crying for joy. Daddy, although he was a brave and strong chieftain, wiped tears from his eyes. Grand-dad Bo-Bo murmured something affectionately. The neighbour-females shed tears. Hara-Ua talked uninterruptedly. The children asked ever so many questions, enquiring where I'd been and what I'd been doing.

Everybody praised Ori-Ori for his brave deed, and thanked him.

"You are cunning, venerable neighbour," the aged Ngu-Ngu said to him, but I would call you the noblest of chimpanzees. . . . You are brave and self-sacrificing." Thus speaking, he shook his hand.

Uncle was very touched, and blushed under so much praise. To conceal his embarrassment, he cried:

"Let Neighbour Si-Ma give me some herbs. I caught a cold and I'm sneezing like my barrel-organ grinder after he had taken strong snuff."

Nobody could understand this. But the disciple of I-So, old Si-Ma, gave him a pinch of herbs. They must have been bitter, because Uncle frowned terribly, and his face became all distorted. But he swallowed them, swore, and went to sleep. . . .

A day of shrieks and tears.

To-day was a wonderful, sunny day, and all our people were attracted outdoors onto the rocks. We basked in the sun. The young ones played hide-and-seek and were generally naughty. Everybody was tired of the long stay in the murky lair.

The defenders went out into the savannah. Only the females remained at home.

They surrounded Hara-Ua and listened to her talk. Hara-Ua always has something uncommon to talk about. Old Ngu-Ngu smiled indulgently as he listened to her. I think Hara-Ua tells fibs more often than not. But it doesn't do her any harm. The female chimpanzees listen with interest to their neighbour's tales.

She had a good time to-day, because there were

no males. Nobody contradicted her. Nobody drove her to do work. She talked without stopping.

The young ones were left in no one's charge.

"Let's go into the ravine," proposed gay Kal.

"Let's go!" we all shouted.

"We must have a look at the bones of the elephant," added Kal.

We started to run down the slopes. We kept very quiet, so that our mothers should not prevent us from going on our little expedition. Concealing ourselves in the bushes, we reached the clearing.

We examined the scattered bones of the elephant and the scraps of thick skin. We plucked fresh leaves, and dug up the roots of the marshy plants.

Life, however, had taught us to be on our guard. We enjoyed the tasty titbits we found, but we listened attentively all the time.

Soon we heard a soft rustle. It came from nearby bushes. In a trice we were on the trees.

Just in the nick of time. A serval came out of the bushes at full speed. A huge, grey cat. A cruel and reckless beast of prey. It attacks even antelopes.

Finding that its prey had escaped, it stopped. It lashed its sides, stared at us with its evil eyes and grumbled wrathfully.

It ran up to the tree and began to climb. We

Finding that its prey had disappeared, it stopped.

jumped across to the neighbouring tree. The serval pursued us. It would never overtake us. We weren't afraid of that at all. But we were perturbed that in this way we were getting away from the mountains.

At last we shouted for help.

For a very long time nobody replied. But finally our shrieks were heard.

On the mountain edge around our cave swarmed the female chimpanzees. We could hear their anxious chatter.

"A serval! A ser-val—is—pur-suing—us!" we shouted all together.

Our voices reached the ears of our anxious mothers. With great bounds they came down the slopes. They jumped among the sharp stones, and croaked threateningly.

Kal's mother outran them all. She doted on her only son. He was her first child. She rushed forward like mad, with bristling hair and flashing eyes. She gnashed her teeth, beat her chest and snarled.

Without hesitation she ran towards the serval.

The latter crouched down and waited. When the chimpanzee approached, it tautened its body and sprang. A terrible fight ensued. The fighters rolled on the grass, roared, jumped away from each other, only to come to grips again. But the serval was the more nimble. It succeeded in wedging its claws into the chimpanzee's throat. A

moment afterwards it caught her throat with its sharp teeth. Kal's mother fell down and collapsed. The others climbed up the trees in terror.

The serval did not go away. It lay down and waited.

Suddenly a loud whistle came from the direction of the mountains.

"Uncle! Uncle! Come here! A serval!" I shrieked.

It seemed that hardly had my voice died away when Ori-Ori appeared. Before reaching the clearing he climbed up the tree. He looked around and observed everything that was going on.

I noticed that he had his knotty stick with him.

Uncle jumped down from the tree and disappeared in the bushes. He stole along so quietly that neither we nor the serval could hear anything.

He appeared unexpectedly close behind the beast. He was walking erect, muttering menacingly. He held the stick with both hands above his head. Uncle's hair bristled, his eyes shone angrily.

The wild cat had no time to turn towards Ori-Ori. The stick fell upon its back with a powerful swing. The serval stumbled. But it rushed at its adversary. It fell on his chest. I noticed how the blood gushed. Ori-Ori tore the rapacious beast away with one hand and threw it off. At the

same time he gave it a powerful blow. Three times the serval attacked Uncle. Three times the broad chest of our defender bled. At last the stick fell on the head of the cat. The serval collapsed, writhing, hissing, and plucking the earth and grass with its claws. Ori-Ori thrashed it with his stick more and more powerfully. The enemy was already dead, but my enraged Uncle still went on beating it in his frenzy.

But he weakened, because the blood was pouring from his chest. He sank to the ground and did not move.

We carried Uncle into the cave. We had great difficulty, because Uncle was very heavy.

We laid the wounded Ori-Ori on soft bedding. Our healer attended to him. I brought Uncle fresh water.

After a while he regained consciousness. Learning that the serval was dead, he smiled and said:

"Ha! It could do nothing against the stick!"

He fainted again, or perhaps he fell asleep from exhaustion.

Soon afterwards our defenders returned. Learning what had happened, they surrounded the wounded. They wanted to thank and to praise him. But Ori-Ori was still asleep.

In the evening Dad told us that Uncle had been very uneasy about us all the time. At last he had decided to return from the savannah. The others

were busy digging out the bamboo. So he had gone all alone. . . .

"Ori-Ori is a brave, noble chimpanzee!" Daddy ended the account of his adventure.

During the night I got up and went to Uncle several times. He didn't sleep and was talking uninterruptedly. His head and hands were hot. I gave him to drink. I put some herbs into his mouth. He didn't recognise me.

I am so frightened about Uncle! Perhaps he too will go away from us for ever!

I didn't sleep. I cried the whole night. . . .

A day of care.

Uncle is still unconscious. He utters incomprehensible words. He repeats constantly:

"Hop! Off! Double somersault!"

What can it mean? I shall ask him when he recovers.

Ori-Ori laughs aloud, gnashes his teeth and frets.

Old Si-Ma, our healer, shakes her head sadly. The whole of our people are afraid for Ori-Ori's life.

Another day of care.

Uncle is not fretting any more, and he does not say a word. He lies pale and still. . . . He stares somewhere high up. He does not seem to hear anything.

Auntie Si-Ma and Ngu-Ngu are growing sadder and sadder.

I have cried the whole of the three nights.

A day of hope.

Ori-Ori is feeling better to-day.

Oh! What joy! He has even asked for food. I myself picked out the freshest banana stem and fed the wounded. Then he fell asleep immediately.

"Now he will live!" opined the aged Bo-Bo.

We are in the seventh heaven of delight.

Aunt Hara-Ua who, during Uncle's illness, was silent, is now gossiping the whole day long. Everybody is so happy that nobody interrupts her.

A day of renewed sadness.

Uncle is well again. He even cuts capers, although he is still weak. He makes such funny faces that I cannot contain myself. Bo-Bo himself is beginning to chatter with joy.

Ori-Ori feels like a hero. His glittering eyes glance around the cave, and he mutters:

"A serval? What is a serval? It's a miserable rat! Give me a lion . . . single-handed. . . . But before that give me a good stick. A nice stick made from the trunk of a tree. I will teach the lion manners . . . Ha!"

Everybody laughs, and Uncle laughs the loudest.

We all know that a serval is not a rat.

We can see terrible scars on Uncle's chest, scars made by the claws of the beast. A serval is a dangerous, strong foe. Ori-Ori himself found that out to his cost.

The wounds opened again. He suffered. He lay down shaken with pain, and groaned. In the evening he was delirious. He shouted incomprehensible words. He recognised no one.

A terrible day.

If Ori-Ori had been healthy and strong as of old, this terrible blow would not have befallen us.

It is with difficulty that I can collect my thoughts to describe the happenings of the past night.

Terrible is our life! We chimpanzees do not do any harm to anybody. And yet so many enemies surround us from every side! Why was such punishment sent on us? Who is chastising us? What for?

To-day a storm raged all day long. Towards the evening it cleared up. The moon sailed through a clear sky. It shone brightly. In its pale rays the savannah became white. Dark shadows drew away from the trees. At first long; then,

when the moon sailed over the mountains, they became short, hardly noticeable.

We had not gone to sleep yet. Here and there the chimpanzees talked in low voices. In his corner Ori-Ori fretted and talked incoherently. . . . The children slept, clinging to their mothers.

Only rarely did the birds chirp in the bushes. Bats squeaked. The rats nesting among the stones whined.

Far away in the savannah shone pools of water. It had collected after the downpour.

Everything around was falling asleep in peace.

Suddenly. . . . My hair stands on end when I remember that moment. . . .

I was looking towards the savannah, lying close to Mummy.

Suddenly, over the edge of the precipice, which began just at the exit from the cave, something dark arose. It grew with extraordinary rapidity. Fear made me dumb . . . a large animal with a long tail!

I recognised it. . . . A leopard had scented our lair.

At that moment the dark shadow passed over me. It seemed monstrous against the bright sky. It went indolently. It set its legs wide apart, spreading its hairy paws.

One of our most powerful defenders rushed forward. I could not recognise him at first.

The leopard crouched, ready to leap. The chimpanzee did not wait. He bounded from the ground. I could hear the powerful legs striking the stones. He fell upon the attacker like a tempest. He dropped on its back. He closed with it, embraced it with mighty arms and tried to strangle it.

The attacker leapt with all its might. The interlocked wrestlers overshadowed the ravine for a moment, and rolled down. Stones and shingle went crashing with them.

From the distance came the dreary and menacing shout of the chimpanzee.

Everybody started up and ran to the edge of the steep slope.

"Who is battling with the leopard? Who has left the lair?" asked frightened voices.

"The chieftain of the chimpanzee people, my son, the courageous Rru, is defending us!" called out the aged Bo-Bo with pride.

We could see the battle plainly. In the fall the wrestlers had been separated from each other. Now they stood in the open, face to face.

The huge, spotted leopard, the nocturnal bandit, and my father Rru the powerful, black like a piece of rock. He stood and beat his chest noisily.

The leopard leapt towards him and struck him a blow. Rru withstood the attack and answered with a terrible blow of his fist.

The battle lasted a long time. The enemies attacked each other furiously, roaring and snorting.

The leopard struck with its claws, tearing my father's skin. Rru dazed and floored it with each blow of his fist. When the leopard jumped at his chest, he embraced it with his arm and crushed its jaw. We could see it hanging down impotently.

But the leopard collected its strength and buried its terrible claws in my father's chest. Rru staggered. Again he embraced the enemy and squeezed with all his might. The leopard uttered a whining groan and became motionless.

Daddy had conquered. The terrible enemy lay lifeless. It had a shattered jaw and a torn belly.

Rru remained standing over it for a long time. It seemed to us that he was waiting for something, or that he had fallen into deep thought. Suddenly he started to move forward. He was going into the savannah.

For a long time we could see his black figure clearly upon the white, moonlit plain, till he tottered and fell.

The defenders rushed to his help and brought the chieftain in.

Mighty Rru was dead.

Oh! If Ori-Ori had not been ill, he would have helped the chieftain in battle. The other chimpanzees did not dare to move. My father had perished in defence of his people.

Glorious and beautiful was his death. . . .

I shall remember Daddy for ever! For ever! I shall remember our ruler who was so full of courage, might and heroism. I am proud of him, I, Ket, the daughter of Rru.

Days of memories.

After Daddy's death Kyr was elected chieftain.

Our life changed considerably. Mummy was obliged to take care of me by herself. She had to go out into the savannah to fetch food together with the males.

I could see that she shivered before each expedition. She always returned tired and anxious.

I ate less and less. I asked Mummy to bring food only every other day. Mummy cried bitterly and patted me on the head. She understood that I wanted to lessen her worries.

Our neighbours were very good to us and helped us.

But storms raged every day. It was getting more and more difficult for our people to find food. The defenders who started at dawn were returning only at dusk. We had food only once a day.

It was the hardest time we had had. When, when would this winter end? I shall never forget it, not even when I am as old as Granny I-

So. Winter has brought with it so much sadness and suffering!

Uncle walks about by now, and he even forces himself to be merry and bright. But I have seen him several times wiping tears from his eyes.

When storms begin to rage and the downpour rages and splashes, Ori-Ori feels very weak. His torn, scarred chest gives him pain.

He goes out on expeditions, together with the other males. Half his booty he gives to us. Dear, good Uncle! We couldn't have got on without him.

He himself eats almost nothing. He says he gets food enough in the savannah. Most often he says smiling that he is fed up with bamboos and roots.

"I am not an antelope!" he cries. "A decent and self-respecting chimpanzee needs bananas and oranges. I shall wait till summer comes. Then I shall get so fat that even the elephants will envy me my belly. Ho! Ho!"

But summer is still very far away.

The jungle has mastered the whole of the savannah. The plain is covered with bushes which rise higher and higher every day. The young trees are growing quickly.

I cannot see the buffaloes and antelopes any more. I can only hear them roaring in the dense bush. The bushes and the high grass cover the slopes of the mountains and peep into our lair.

Over the jungle and the mountains fly coveys of various migratory birds.

The skies remain always grey and sad.

At every opportunity when the sun comes out for a short while, we run with Mummy to the northern ravine. The defenders have placed the body of heroic Rru there. They have put him into a deep crevice amid the rocks and covered him with stones. Mummy laments aloud, embracing the stones over Rru's grave.

I cry quietly. My feeling of pride and admiration for my father's courage is a consolation to me.

The days go on and on. . . . Nothing changes in our life.

The day on which I become an orphan and a captive.

One morning, a terrible noise startled us. We rushed out of our cave.

An immense crowd of the Long Snouts was hurrying across the savannah with noise and uproar, leaping over the ground and jumping from tree to tree.

The aged Bo-Bo knew their language. He listened for a long while. At last he returned to the cave and said: "On the fields of the black men mandive, sweet potatoes and maize has already grown. The Long Snouts are out for prey. . . ."

Tales were told of the dangers of the expedi-

tion undertaken by the Long Snouts. The events of last year were recalled.

Mummy listened intently. I could see her eyes glittering. Nobody noticed when she vanished from the lair. Only I saw her go. I did not take my eyes from Mummy for a moment.

I rushed after her, following at a distance so that she would not scent me. I was afraid she would tell me to go back.

I realised that poor Mummy had decided to go with the Long Snouts for booty. She wanted to bring back a lot, a great deal of food for me. For she often saw me going to bed hungry, and she knew that I did not sleep during the night.

In the forest I saw a large clearing. The Negroes had burnt down the jungle here and tilled the field.

The herd of Long Snouts was already robbing the property of the black men. They tore up the young roots of nourishing plants and they also trampled down the young shoots with their feet. All unsuspecting, they were chattering merrily.

Mummy followed a few steps behind. I hid at the edge of the forest.

Suddenly, close in front of me rose a Negro. He was followed by a second, a third. . . . After a while the whole clearing was surrounded by men.

The Long Snouts shrieked with terror, and took to flight. The Negroes answered their cries

with shots. Fire flashed and thunder roared from the rifles. Arrows whizzed.

There was no salvation. I realised that all the monkeys, rushing frantically and distractedly about the field, must perish. That Mummy must perish!

The black earth was covered with corpses. Mummy crouched behind a small bush. That moment an arrow whistled and stuck into Mummy's side. She made a terrific leap and fell to the ground lifeless. . . .

I threw myself towards her with a despairing cry. . . . I embraced her, I tried to lift her up, I licked and patted her face.

All in vain! Mummy was dead.

That very moment two strong hands seized me.

I did not even defend myself. . . . I was an abandoned orphan. I had no desire to live.

A young Negro, laughing, tied my hands behind my back, bound my legs and took me with him. He showed me to others and joyfully shouted something which I did not understand.

In the field remained only the dead bodies of the slain monkeys. None, except me, escaped alive.

I do not know whether I shall ever return to the lair in the mountains and to the jungle. Whether I shall ever see again dear Ori-Ori, aged Bo-Bo, wise Ngu-Ngu, the new chieftain

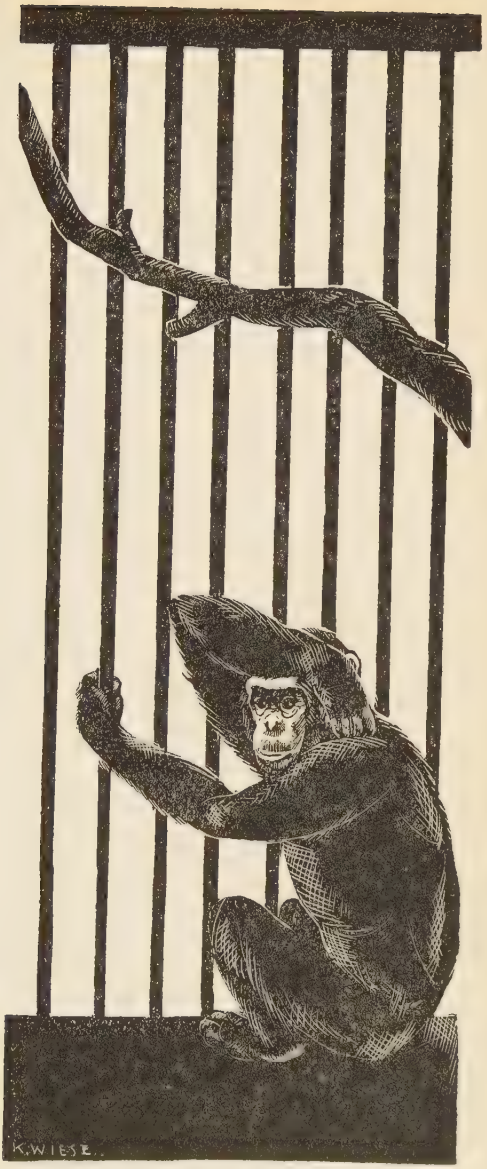
Kyr, and gossiping Hara-Ua, and my companions and playmates. Nobody will ever call to me: Ket, the daughter of heroic Rru! . . .

My free and dangerous life has suddenly ended, has been snapped like a weak liana. A new life is beginning.

That life means captivity.

PART TWO

THE LITTLE MONKEY IN CAPTIV-ITY



PART II

THE LITTLE MONKEY IN CAPTIVITY

Days of yearning and fear.

I AM a captive. The Negro who tied my hands gave me to the white man. I was at once put into a large cage. Before they put me into it, I saw them drive out of it birds which very much resembled partridges, but bigger and noisier. Into the cage they put a bundle of dry grass. They also put into it something white and round, filled with water. I was given a few bananas and oranges.

I crouched in the darkest corner. For three days I did not touch either fruit or water. I cried and shook all over my body. Before my eyes passed the terrible scenes of the battlefield. I saw Mummy lying on the ground, dying. My arms and legs ached, because the Negro carried me tied up for a long time.

But the yearning and despair were more terrible and more painful than pain itself.

I tried to get out of the cage. But it was very strong.

I am sure men will prick me as they did Ngu-Ngu and Auntie Hara-Ua. Perhaps I shall die? Shall I be able to endure it, and live as they did?

I was so sad that I hadn't my diary with me. It had been left behind in the cave. I had hidden it in a deep cleft in the rock. What is the use of a diary now?

I shall die in captivity, lonely and forgotten. Never shall I meet chimpanzees again. Never shall I be able to finish the story of our people!

Do they remember the poor little chimpanzee, Ket, the aged Grand-dad Bo-Bo, and dear, good "Uncle" Ori-Ori?

Is he well again by now? What is he doing?

I poured out streams of tears . . . I felt so miserable and unhappy. I was such a lonely little orphan! I was left all by myself in the world. What will humans do to me?

For three days I was thinking of all this and despairing.

I don't know how it was, but I decided to write everything down. Everything I had seen in the jungle, where our little cottages were hidden in the crowns of mahogany trees, all the life in the mountains and all my adventures.

I shall write of my poor, beloved Mummy, of

my Daddy Rru, the heroic chieftain, who conquered the spotted leopard. I shall tell of Bo-Bo, of the aged Granny I-So, who died so beautifully, of dear Ori-Ori, and of all the grown-up and little chimpanzees belonging to our people. I want to live once more in my happy childhood memory.

In the middle of the cage grew a big tree. I tore off a few pieces of bark. With my nail I scratched on it little signs in our writing. I worked for days. Work gave me consolation in my unhappiness. I grew quieter, and I even began to eat.

Once a day came the Negro. He changed the water for me and brought fruit. He said something to me which I did not understand. Once he put his hand out to me. It resembled my own hand very much. On top it was black, although it had no hair on it, while the palm was almost white.

I gave him my hand. The Negro laughed and ran towards the cottage some way off.

Black and white men live in cottages, which are similar to ours. They are built of cane or stone, and are covered with bamboo thatches. As men cannot jump about on trees, they build their cottages on the ground.

The Negro soon came back with white men.

I recognised one of them at once. He had ordered me to be put in the cage.

The other. . . . It was undoubtedly a female. A very beautiful female, with a sad face. She

gazed at me with big, hazel-coloured eyes, and said something.

They soon went away. I set to work writing again. My memories of past days are all written down. I shall now write from day to day.

Days of friendship.

Great happiness has come my way. They have put a little tiny monkey into my cage. She is a Long Snout, but a very small and weak one.

The tiny tot was terrified, and cried. Seeing that she refused to eat, I went to the little monkey and patted her. She calmed down quickly, became quiet and nestled to me.

I gave her a banana. . . . She fell asleep in my arms.

I know how the chimpanzees despise the Long Snouts. But the daughter of gallant Rru is nursing the little monkey, because it is so much weaker.

I have given the little monkey a name—Go. I am happy when Go laughs and pranks.

I never take my food until I have fed my little Go.

I wanted to teach her the art of writing, but she doesn't understand anything, and only chatters. Perhaps she is too small yet? Or perhaps the Long Snouts are unable to learn to write?

We live together in friendship, although Go is an awful rascal. She jumps about all over the

cage, climbing the tree, hanging down from the poles of the thatch, tickling me, croaking, chattering and mimicking me. But she becomes humble and docile when I begin to feed her, or to clean her reddish pelt. Then she purrs with delight and licks my hands.

The first day of Zo-Zo.

This afternoon a lot of white people came to our cage. They watched us carefully.

The Negro opened the cage and took me in his arms. He took me to a white female whom I had not seen before, and pressed my hand into hers. I wanted to tear myself off and to run away. But I did not. I looked into the white woman's eyes. They were big, grey eyes, full of caressing and goodness. Without hesitation I gave her my other hand. She took me into her arms and pressed me to her bosom. I embraced her neck and clung to her as I had when I was caressing Mummy.

The white woman whom I at once called Zo-Zo, I don't know why, patted my little head. She took my little snout gently into her hand, and looked into my eyes for a long time.

I was seized by a sudden happiness. A great calm filled my heart.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" I shouted with joy. I clung to Zo-Zo, as if I were trying to find in her my protection and defence.

When I was put into the cage again, I cried

bitterly. Until dusk I looked for Zo-Zo. My heart beat fast. Shall I ever see her again?

The first happy day.

Scarcely had the sun risen over the trees, when Zo-Zo came. I rushed towards her with a joyful shout.

I was let out of the cage. In my happiness I climbed at once into Zo-Zo's arms. I pouted my lips and kissed her cheek. I laughed and cried in turns.

Zo-Zo took me into the white people's cottage and gave me food to eat. Then she put me into a large basket. In the basket was a bed of down and soft grass. I chattered with contentment.

I said I was very, very happy, that I did not want to be separated from Zo-Zo.

She whispered to me:

"Katey, my dear little Katey."

I understand that Zo-Zo calls me Katey. It is very much like Ket, and on Zo-Zo's lips it sounds caressing.

Ah! As I pen these words, my heart is ready to jump out of my breast! Such happiness!

I am not in the cage any more. I have left the settlement of the black men. I am with Zo-Zo, and we are going into the wide world. Where to I don't care. May I never part from good, always kind and jolly Zo-Zo!

Zo-Zo is walking, leaning on a stick. Close be-

Close behind her is a Negro carrying me in my basket.

hind her is a Negro carrying me in my basket. I look at Zo-Zo and am not afraid of anything.

We are marching across mountains. We have crossed a plain covered with broken rocks.

We have met many troops of Long Snouts. They were basking in the sun, and ran away at the very sight of the Negroes.

The black men are carrying packages on their heads.

At Zo-Zo's side is a white man who loves Zo-Zo just as much as I do. He, too, kisses her hands, and takes care of her, looking into her eyes.

In places covered with high grass antelopes are grazing. Birds are fluttering about.

The road passes through the dusky jungle.

When the sun is at its highest, we halt in the shade. This afternoon the Negroes gathered a lot of dry branches. One of them leaned over it, and suddenly I saw a flash coming from a splinter of wood which the black man held in his hands. The branches threw out something red and yellow. Over it rose clouds of white and black smoke.

"The fire is ready!" called the white man.

"Ah!" I thought, "those flickering red and yellow tongues—that's the fire!"

The Negroes began to eat. Zo-Zo and the white man ate too. I put out my hand to ask them to let me taste it. Zo-Zo gave me a a piece of something black and warm. I smelt it and gently

pushed Zo-Zo's hand away from me. I could never swallow that!

But another piece of something white and soft I liked very much. It tasted like mandive.

"Do you like bread, Katey?" asked Zo-Zo.

Bread? A new word. I shall remember it.

Zo-Zo calls the white man by a strange name, which I cannot repeat. I shall call him in my way, Toh.

He gave me a piece of papaw.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" I am awfully fond of papaw.

Toh is very good to me and to Zo-Zo.

I try to understand what they are speaking about.

After the meal we went on. Again we met the Long Snouts.

What is little Go doing without me? Why hasn't Zo-Zo taken her with us? When I remember Go, I feel like crying.

The white man marches at the head of the whole crowd. My Daddy Rru, and after his death, Kyr, did the same. I am sure Toh must be the chieftain, just as they were.

Humans astonish me. They do not have to go in search of their food as we chimpanzees do. They carry everything with them. They never go to the river to drink. When they want to drink, Toh says to the Negroes:

"Water!"

Then the Negroes bring water and put it on

the fire. Little white clouds looking just like mist soon appear above the water.

I can't drink this water. It is hot. I know, because to-day I touched it with my finger. It gave me such pain that I cried aloud. Zo-Zo at once put something white and sticky on my finger. The pain vanished quickly.

I shall never again touch fire or hot water. I shall keep far away from it.

A day of new wonders.

This morning a Negro came and shouted something. Toh seized a rifle and ran towards the jungle.

From afar I heard the thunder of shots; one shot fell very near by.

Toh came back very contented. Behind him Negroes were carrying a dead leopard and a big spotted snake. Toh is very good, because he kills the leopards which attack chimpanzees.

I hate the leopard, because it killed my Daddy, and Mi-Ri, and the little chimpanzee who was unable even to walk by herself.

Toh also kills big snakes which set traps for monkeys. I remember how such a snake swallowed little Aka. . . .

Men are very powerful and wise. They are smaller than elephants, but stronger.

The white hunter fired only once, and he killed a huge elephant. There . . . on the savannah, in

the narrow ravine, near our mountains, when Daddy and poor Mummy were still alive. . . .

Oh! If only the chimpanzees were as clever as men are! They would not need to search for food or go to the river to drink.

Oh! Men are very clever! They have invented something in which they carry and keep water. They call it a "pot." They make it of clay. I have seen Negro women making pots to-day. We met them near the settlement. I think it is easy work. If I ever return to my people, I shall teach the chimpanzees to make pots of clay.

Then the males will go in turns to fetch water for the whole people, and monkeys will not perish while drinking. There our enemies lie in wait for us: the leopards, the snakes, the crocodiles and the civets.

Men do not need to go every day to the jungle or into the savannah to feed. They do so only rarely. Having gathered a lot of food, they keep it at home. . . . I shall teach the chimpanzees to do so when I return. . . .

I don't know whether I shall ever return to our settlement upon the trees in the jungle. I do not think about it, because I feel happy with Zo-Zo. And with Toh, too.

I love him because he kills leopards and snakes. I kissed his hand to thank him for scratching me behind my ear. I do love it so!

A day of stupefaction.

Something has happened, which at first terrified me. Now I understand that it is a good and pleasant thing.

To-day Zo-Zo put me into a big vessel with water. With a white tablet which had a pleasant scent like a flower, she rubbed all my body. I became white with froth, like aged Bo-Bo. Zo-Zo calls it soap.

After the wash she rubbed me dry and wrapped me in a yellow coverlet. It was wonderfully warm.

I had clean hands, legs, body and face. I felt fine, and I chattered merrily. From now on I shall wash every day.

At first I was stupefied and terrified. Now I feel well and happy.

When I felt dry again, I ran to the basin. But Zo-Zo stopped me, saying: "Enough, enough, Katey! You shall wash morning, noon and evening."

Every day I understand better and better what Zo-Zo says. I am so glad I do. I think that Zo-Zo and Toh already understand my shouts, my chattering and my growls of contentment.

Why, it isn't difficult at all! When I am happy, I open my mouth wide and chatter:

"Ah! Ah! Ah!"

When I am astonished, I call in a low voice, pronouncing slowly:

"Oh! O! O!"

When I see a stranger, or something which frightens me, I mutter:

"Uh! Uh! . . ."

I am sure Zo-Zo and Toh understand what I say to them. They fulfil my wishes. They soothe me when I am frightened. During the night they stoop over my basket and wrap me up in my little blanket.

I like the little blanket very much. I feel warm underneath, when the mist comes down upon the mountains, or when the wind blows.

I never part from my things. Under my arm I carry my diary, written on several pieces of bark, and I drag my little blanket behind me. When at play, I flourish it as Ori-Ori did with his hat, and I chatter. Everybody laughs, and I laugh too.

To-day Toh took my pieces of bark and inspected them for a long time. He frowned. Apparently he was thinking. At last he gave me back my diary, and said something to Zo-Zo. They both laughed and patted me on the head.

Now Toh always takes care I shouldn't forget or lose my diary. He himself puts the pieces of bark carefully together in the basket. He has tied them together so that they shouldn't get scattered. Oh! Men are very wise and very good!

An unexpected meeting.

Last night we arrived at a large settlement.

We are living in a big cottage which is dark and cold.

Zo-Zo went into the garden with me. There I saw orange, mango, and banana trees. A very nice garden.

Suddenly I saw a chimpanzee, and I shouted with joy. The chimpanzee was sitting on a high perch. He was gloomy and thoughtful.

I chattered, calling him. He looked round. He gazed at me with brown eyes full of sadness. He was silent for a long time. At last he said slowly: "I cannot come to you. I am rivetted to a chain."

Thus saying, he rattled the thing he called a chain.

"Bite it through and come to me!" I called.

"I cannot!" he replied, shaking his head sadly. "My chain is made of iron. It is hard and heavy and clatters with every movement."

We were silent. Zo-Zo had listened to our conversation attentively.

"Do you feel happy with men?" I asked.

He did not reply at once. He reflected for a while and then said with a sigh:

"Men are good to me . . . they give me food and drink. The only thing they do not understand is that I cannot live without liberty, and I do not want to . . . I am sad. . . ."

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Aka," he whispered, "my parents called me Aka. . . ."

"I knew Aka!" I cried, "he was swallowed by a snake near a little river in the jungle."

"He was fortunate," came a sigh from the chimpanzee. "I would rather die than drag the iron chain behind me."

I began to weep.

Zo-Zo pressed me to her bosom and carried me away.

Poor, poor Aka! Such a big and beautiful chimpanzee. He could become a defender, and perhaps even the chieftain of his people. And now he sits on the perch, sad and lonely. He gazes at the distant jungle and hears the clatter of his heavy iron chain.

How good of Zo-Zo and Toh to have left me free! I shall never run away from them. I shall amuse them and serve them faithfully.

A day of pride.

Oh! How happy I am!

I was running about the house to-day, when I found a stick and I played with it. I remembered Ori-Ori, who walked on two legs, supporting himself on a stick.

Zo-Zo was sitting in front of the house. She watched my playing, and laughed merrily.

Suddenly I noticed a small snake with a flat

head and evil, yellow eyes, slip out of the cane-wall. He crept towards Zo-Zo, who did not see him. I rushed towards the snake, dragging my blanket behind me, and flourishing my stick. I fell upon him when he was already close to Zo-Zo's foot. I hit the snake on his head with all my might. He wound himself into a ball and beat the ground with his tail.

Zo-Zo looked round, and jumped up with a cry. Toh came running, and finished off the snake.

"It's a venomous viper!" he said. "Little Katey has saved you from death!"

Zo-Zo and Toh caressed me, and treated me to a lot of tasty things. I had sugar, crushing it with my teeth (I do like it so!) and I felt very proud.

I understand now Ngu-Ngu, who used to say he was proud, because he helped men to struggle with death. I, too, have helped. That's why I am happy and proud.

I have saved Zo-Zo, dear, good, and serene as the skies.

A day of a quite new experience.

Our march lasted twenty-seven days.

At last we reached an even bigger settlement. There were very many white men there. Whole crowds of them.

I think that everybody must love Zo-Zo and

Toh. Everywhere they were welcomed with shouts of joy.

At noon Zo-Zo and Toh sat down in a big box over which hung a thatch. I sat in my basket between Zo-Zo and Toh.

Suddenly the box creaked, roared and rattled. After a while it quivered and began to roll quickly along.

Trees, cottages and men flickered past. They ran away behind us. I do not understand why they got suddenly so small. We overtook birds, which flew away in all directions. A strong wind blew in my face. How strange it was, seeing the leaves on the trees did not move at all!

I was a little bit afraid. I clung to Zo-Zo and became easy at once.

I started to look round. In front of us sat a Negro and turned a wheel. Our box jumped, shaked, and shook us. It roared dangerously. I soon realised that it did so when men or animals appeared in the road. At this roar everything made way or ran away.

"Little Katey hasn't been in an auto before!" said Toh, laughing.

This box is called an *auto?* What a strange word!

When we stopped for dinner, I noticed that the auto has four very thick wheels, that it drinks water, that it breathes loudly and rolls along uninterruptedly.

Is the auto more terrible than a leopard or a snake?

The day of farewell to my country.

We rode in the auto for a very long time.

At last we reached a settlement which they call a city. It is situated on the water. It is a very big water, for the other shore cannot be seen. The water is blue like the skies. It is the sea.

Once Uncle Ori-Ori mentioned the sea. He said that on the other side of it white people have their settlements.

I wanted to drink the water from the sea, but it was salty and bitter. It made me frightened. I spat it out and cried. Zo-Zo gave me a piece of sugar. I felt happy again crushing sweet, white sugar with my teeth.

As I was sitting on the beach, a large, black spider crawled on me. He went right up to my face, and I tried to shake him off. He bit my eyelid and ran away. I shouted and started to cry. Toh examined my eye. He washed it and smeared the lid. Zo-Zo bandaged my face with a white rag, and put me into the basket.

I did not sleep all night. My eye was terribly swollen, and pained me. I had the impression that my whole head was aflame. I shook and shivered. I could not get warm under the blanket.

Then Toh gave me some sour medicine and a bit of sugar. They washed my eyelid once more,

and put on it something that burned and pricked terribly. Until at last Zo-Zo put a wet rag over my eye and bandaged my head again, and I fell asleep.

But for two days I was walking about with a swollen and twisted face. I looked awful! Every moment I took a look at myself in the water basin.

I could not even write. . . .

Now everything has passed. I have almost forgotten the venomous spider and the great pain.

How good and wise are men! I do love men.

I can appreciate now what Ngu-Ngu and Ori-Ori used to say about the goodness of humans.

Grand-daddy Bo-Bo did not like them. Perhaps it was because he did not know them.

Long and nasty days.

We are sailing.

A huge iron box with trees sticking up without bark or branches, which men call "ship."

It has a white funnel pouring out black smoke. Near the funnel it is very hot. I think there must be fire burning inside it. I don't know what fire, smoke and funnel are wanted for.

The ship roars and yells much louder than the auto.

A whole crowd of humans is living on the ship.

We sleep in a little cottage, which has a round

window which is always closed. Once Toh had it opened, but salt water came through it at once.

The ship rocks and leaps over the mountains which run on the sea.

These are *waves*. On their backs white foam hisses. The waves throw the ship up or cast it down.

Men are lying about and groaning. Their heads are wrapped in white rags, they eat lemons (I don't like lemons), and drink cold water. Some of them make funny faces. They twist their faces and open their mouths.

They stagger about as they walk. Ori-Ori used to walk like this when he was describing his drunken barrel-organ grinder. I am sure this organ-grinder must have been sailing on ships. Others only stare into the sky, and are afraid to move.

I realised at last that all of them had the *sea-sickness*. I know now that men don't know how to cure it.

Zo-Zo, too, although she is so good, is sick. But she doesn't forget me.

It is Toh who feeds me, gives me to drink, and even washes my face, my hands and feet. He doesn't mind the sea.

As to myself, I have a good appetite. Although sometimes it isn't so good when my heart beats violently and my head begins to swim. Then I throw myself flat on the floor and shout at the

top of my voice. Everybody around laughs. Then Toh picks me up and places me in the basket. I fall asleep, and after that I don't feel anything.

The sea murmurs and splashes without end. The wind is blowing fast and gets colder every day. I am always wrapped up in my yellow blanket.

Ah! I forgot to tell how very useful that blanket has been to me. On the ship two large, red dogs are sailing together with us. Awfully nasty animals! They are always quarrelling with each other and biting each other. They do not love me and snarl when they see me. They are afraid to come near me, because I am always under the protection of Zo-Zo and Toh.

But yesterday Toh left me by myself. The nasty dogs scented me and stole near to me. I did not notice them, because I was asleep in the basket.

The sun woke me up. It threw hot rays on me. I hadn't felt such a blissful warmth for a long time.

Chattering joyfully: "Ah! Ah! Ah!" I jumped out of the basket. As usual, I was swinging my blanket about. Then I noticed the two dogs lying in wait for me. I had not had time to shout when they ran away howling. They were frightened of the yellow blanket which I was flourishing over my head. Ha! Ha! Ha! Stupid dogs!

Since then they try to avoid me, and they tuck their tails between their legs when they see me.

I scare them by raising the blanket high above me and whistling loudly, as dear old Uncle taught me. Then the dogs run away as if somebody were pursuing them, and crawl into the farthest corners.

To be respected and to inspire fear it is not at all necessary to be a giant like the elephant or the hippo. It is enough to have a yellow blanket and to know how to whistle.

So I thought.

To-day, Toh, speaking of my encounter with the dogs, said:

"To inspire respect, it is not necessary to be strong, it is enough to be wise!"

Well, I am *wise*. I think it is a good word.

I would also like to be noble. Just as aged Ngu-Ngu exhorted playful Uncle Ori-Ori. I feel that everything will be all right then.

In the meantime I feel wise enough to get rid of all the dogs in the world. Pooh!

The first day in a new land.

Late last night we left the ship.

I don't see any more the little round window constantly splashed with green water. We do not rock upon the waves any more.

From the ship we went along in an auto.

I don't know what it is called! Perhaps this is also a town, but oh, how big!

In the mountains I saw a great number of

caves, all lighted. Along the road also stood rows of poles. On the poles burnt blue suns.

On the sea it was dark. Here it was as bright as day. Why? It astonishes me.

We slept in a large cottage, very bright, warm and beautiful. I like it very much.

Second day in the town.

Now I know that we are in a town.

We are living in a hotel. The cottage where we slept, men call a hotel. Every day I learn new words.

Every day I understand better and better what humans say.

Zo-Zo and Toh went out this morning, and left me by myself. I was left playing, wallowing on something soft which was lying on the floor.

Then I examined the whole room.

On one of the walls I discovered a curious thing. It was a white, shining, cold slab, resembling the surface of a lake. The whole room was reflected in it as the sky is reflected in water. When I went closer to it, I saw a little chimpanzee. Under her arm she had a bundle of bark. Does she, too, write her diary? In the other hand she had a little yellow blanket. One exactly like mine!

I ran towards the little monkey. I hit my head against the hard, cold slab. I made a face because of the pain. The other chimpanzee did the same.

In spite of the pain, I laughed. The little monkey laughed too.

"Come here!" I called.

I did not hear the voice of the other chimpanzee.

I touched her with my hand. I did not feel anything except the cold, hard, stone-like slab.

"Ah!" I thought, "Something transparent like water is separating us."

I tried to peep behind the slab. There was nobody there. I called out loud; nobody replied to me.

I went back to my old place. I soon saw the little monkey. My diary fell from under my arm. The same thing happened to the chimpanzee.

I reflected. Suddenly I remembered that I can see myself every day in the water basin. Perhaps this, too, was only my own picture?

I soon came to the conclusion that there was no monkey inside this cold, shining slab. I appeared in it myself when I went nearer to it. Then the slab did not interest me any more.

Once, as I was regarding my own picture in the slab, Zo-Zo came into the room. She laughed and said:

"Katey, don't look into the mirror, you are not old enough for that!"

So the slab is called a "mirror"! Ho! Ho!

Zo-Zo went to the mirror and did her hair. In

the mirror another Zo-Zo appeared at once. She repeated everything that my guardian did.

I know now what a mirror is. Only I don't know what purpose it serves.

The third day.

A lot of people came into our room to-day. I did not know them.

There were males, or gentlemen, as Zo-Zo called them, and females, or ladies. All had very fine clothes.

They looked at me curiously, and kept bursting out laughing. I did not like it, and it made me a bit frightened. I clung to Zo-Zo.

Suddenly one of the ladies took my hand and pulled it towards her. I felt a pain in my arm because she pulled me so hard. I shouted and drew my hand away. In my quick movement I scratched the lady's hand.

"Nasty monkey!" she cried, and pulled my ear.

Zo-Zo defended me, but I could not leave it at that. I turned to the bad lady and chattered loudly:

"You are wicked, very wicked! You wrong and give pain to a little monkey-orphan who had no intention of doing harm to you. Uh! Uh! Uh!"

Everybody except Zo-Zo laughed loudly, looking at me. I blushed and became very angry. I repeated again:

"Uh! Uh! You are wicked! Very wicked!"

Zo-Zo took me into another room, and patting my head, said: "Be quiet, Katey! That's nothing. There are greater wrongs in the world!"

I calmed down, but I cried bitterly.

When Toh came home, I was shown to the guests again. Toh made me whistle, walk upright and cut capers. Then he said: "Katey, bring your little blanket!"

I ran towards my basket, took the blanket out and brought it. Everybody was astonished.

"Katey, where is the bread?"

I climbed upon the chair and pointed with my hand to the bread lying on the table.

"It's amazing!" cried the gentlemen and the ladies.

"Our Katey understands everything, and talks to us. We are beginning to understand her language a little," explained Zo-Zo.

"It's marvellous!" said a gentleman again. "Can it be true that man is descended from the ape?"

I started to laugh suddenly. "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

That grey old gentleman is funny. How can man be descended from the ape? Men are so beautiful, and we are so ugly. Men can kill us whenever they want.

When I accidentally scratched that wicked

lady's hand, there was so much noise and anger over it! No, it's impossible. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Another gentleman said laughing: "Perhaps monkeys are descended from man?"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" I chattered, shaking with laughter. "Monkeys are descended from man? Ha! Ha! Ha!"

If it were so, they would be powerful and wise, like men. Whereas they are helpless, and always being wronged by everybody.

Besides, if they were like humans, they would kill other animals. The chimpanzees, and even the Long Snouts, never do that. Never! They don't know how to attack, they only know how to defend the weaker ones courageously. Thus acted heroic Rru, the chieftain of our people, Rru, my father.

Ha! Ha! Men are very amusing creatures!

I became quiet again, and I did not even feel any resentment towards the beautiful but wicked lady. . . .

Ha! Ha! Ha!

A day of contemplation.

A few days ago I wrote that humans are very amusing creatures. Now I think that I was wrong.

Two events have happened.

This morning the doors leading to our room remained open. Suddenly I heard barking. My

curiosity excited, I snatched up the blanket, from which I never part, and I peeped through the chink.

Near the door stood a little dog, as white as if made of down. He had a black nose and black eyes. He wagged his little tail and barked. He sprang over the floor and jumped back again. I understood that he was inviting me to play. I pretended to be running away, and slipped into the room. The little dog followed me.

I hid in a corner behind a wardrobe. The little dog found me, and barked with his thin voice. I ran to him, trying to pat him. He began to run about the room, pretending to be afraid, and trying to run away. He howled and squeaked with joy.

In the end we were both tired. The dog lay down, opened his mouth, hung out his tongue and breathed heavily. I sat down beside him quietly. I patted him and scratched him gently behind the ear. I know this is very pleasant, because Toh often caresses me in this way. My new friend half closed his eyes, shut his pinky muzzle and growled quietly.

Suddenly the doors were thrown open, and an unknown gentleman called:

"Fifi, where are you? Come here!"

With his little tail between his legs, and squealing wofully, the little dog trotted after his master. He was sad and frightened.

I ran after him, calling in my way:

"Fifi! Fifi! Stay here with me! We will play together!"

I rushed into a long room with many doors. They call that room a corridor.

"Go away, you nasty monkey!" shouted the unknown gentleman, stamping his foot.

I did not know that men stamp their feet when they are angry, and I kept on running after Fifi.

"Wait, you monster!" muttered the man, and called: "Medor! Come here!"

Out of the room rushed a huge black dog with white spots, and halted just in front of me.

"Medor! Seize her!" roared the man.

He pointed his finger at me. Medor showed his teeth and snarled.

Oh! I know how to deal with dogs! I have my own way with them. I flourished the little blanket just in front of his nose, at the same uttering a long, piercing whistle.

The wicked gentleman trembled. Medor suddenly drooped his tail and took to flight. He lost his way, jostled against his master and knocked him over.

The noise frightened Fifi. He ran away whining and disappeared in his room.

Without waiting for the outcome of it all, I hastened to my room. I went into the basket, and covered myself with the little blanket. Lying in

the basket, I laughed, I laughed, thinking of the whole incident.

Soon I heard the wailing yell of Medor, heavy blows of a stick, and the shouts of the bad gentleman.

Yes, he was bad and not very wise. He interrupted my play with Fifi, making us both sad. He ordered Medor to do wrong to me. When the frightened dog knocked him over, he thrashed him.

That man is a bad man. I know now that humans can be bad, or good, like Zo-Zo. Toh is good to me. There are other good humans, too.

To-day, as I was getting out of the basket, I was caught on something sharp. I could not free myself, and I fell down, upsetting the basket. I was frightened, and started to cry.

There was nobody in the room. I was crying a long time, shouting for help.

At last a young woman heard my shouts. She comes to us every morning, makes the room tidy, and brings food. She is a maid.

She freed me and took me into her arms. She patted me and repeated: "Poor thing, poor little thing!"

I was grateful to her because she was good. I put my arms round her neck and wanted to kiss her. She made a wry face and covered it with her hand.

What did that mean? Why did she do it? The

young woman is good, but . . . I don't know what to call it. Something made me feel sad.

Humans are good or bad. Which are the more numerous? Oh, if there were good humans only! Then everybody would be happy in this world—men and chimpanzees, Long Snouts and elephants. And perhaps leopards and spotted snakes too?

No, I don't want that, because I hate them. Why did a leopard kill Rru? What did little Aka do to the snake? And yet the snake ate him!

If everything alive were good, oh how good, how happy would life be then!

The day on which I resembled Ori-Ori.

I have been trembling all day long. I cannot get warm even under the little blanket.

Zo-Zo saw this, and after a talk with Toh she went out. I don't like it when Zo-Zo puts her hat on. I know she is going to leave the house then. Then I long for her, and I often cry.

Zo-Zo came back very quickly. She opened a bundle.

"Come, Katey!" she said, "I shall dress you."

Soon I was wearing little red trousers, a warm jacket, and black stockings on my legs. I felt so much better in them. I did not feel the cold.

I looked into the mirror. A very beautiful dress! I remembered Ori-Ori. Now I must do everything that he did.

I looked into the mirror.

I started to walk on two legs, sometimes supporting myself with one arm. I tried capers, and I learned, all by myself, how to make a double somersault, of which Uncle boasted so much. I even tried to swing myself in the air on the curtain, as he did on the liana.

Toh threatened me with his finger.

"Oh!" I thought, "is that prohibited? Well, I shan't do it then. Grown-ups, particularly if they are humans, know what is allowed and what is not."

I whistled in all kinds of ways. Then I got hold of Toh's stick and flourished it smartly over my head.

Zo-Zo and Toh laughed as they watched my pranks. I climbed upon the chair, and with my stick I threw down Toh's hat from the rack. I wanted to put it on, so that I should be able to bow as nicely as humans do. But the hat covered me right over the shoulders.

I had difficulty in getting out of this heavy hat. I was even a little frightened.

When I saw myself in the mirror, I laughed. I have a very beautiful red dress.

I am happy. I cried when Zo-Zo took it off me, to put me to bed. But she put on me a white, warm shirt. Now I am not afraid of cold.

Dear good Zo-Zo.

A day of astonishment.

Now, I always go about in my suit.

I am a little Ori-Ori! I wish I were like him! To bring joy and happiness to everybody; to help others in need and to save others from danger. I don't know whether I should be able to.

To-day I had a strange adventure. I am astonished, because I don't understand it at all.

Zo-Zo and Toh dressed, and after patting me, left the house. After they had left, I cried a little. I always feel sad when they go away.

But one had to do something. So I took my diary, climbed on the sofa, and began to write.

Suddenly, in the mirror opposite, I noticed that the door was being slowly opened.

"Uh! Uh!" I muttered to myself.

An unknown man put his head in, examined the room carefully, and listened attentively. I crouched and waited. I thought at first that the man wanted to play with me, like Fifi.

Without making the slightest noise, the man slipped into the room. Walking on tip-toe, he crossed the room and approached the wardrobe. He opened it, and began to throw out clothes and all kinds of glittering things. Zo-Zo wears them round her neck and fingers. They glitter and shine with white and red stones.

Now, I knew that the unknown man wanted to play with me. Otherwise he would not put it

all on the floor. He did it for me, so that I could play with those glittering things. Zo-Zo never gives them to me. When I try to touch the things, she says:

"No, Katey, these are jewels, very costly things. You may mislay them. . . ."

I was very thankful to the stranger for wanting to amuse me. I wanted to give him pleasure and entertain him. I saw that he had a gloomy and pale face. I thought he must be sad. I should soon make him merry!

I jumped down from the sofa, put the blanket over my head, and took Toh's stick in my hand. Silently, I slipped close to the unknown man. I was so quiet that he did not hear anything. When I was quite close to him, I whistled with all my might.

The stranger uttered a terrible shout and rushed towards the door. I ran after him and beat his legs with my stick, shouting at the top of my voice:

"Ah! Ah! Ah!"

It was great fun.

Without looking back, the stranger ran into the corridor, knocking against another man who was carrying something on a tray.

Something fell down with a clinking and crashing. I heard shouts and stamping of feet.

"Thief! Thief! Hold him fast!" people shouted on all sides.

What is a thief? I don't understand.

The hubbub and the tumult frightened me. I crawled under the table.

Soon everything in the house was quiet again. I climbed back on the sofa again, and I thought over what had happened.

When I am thinking or trying to remember bygone days, I usually rock myself. Sometimes I do it for a very long time. I have a sensation then that I am hanging on a liana over the ground, and floating. . . .

From the elevation I see everything very distinctly. It also reminds me of the jungle, of the sky-high mahogany trees, of Mummy, of the defenders watching through the night, of Daddy, and of jolly Ori-Ori.

On hearing the steps of Zo-Zo and Toh (I always recognise their steps at a distance), I stopped rocking and listened.

Zo-Zo and Toh came with a whole crowd of people. There were amongst them some who, like Ori-Ori, had shining buttons on their clothes. They were all talking at once, looking at the open wardrobe and the things scattered on the floor.

Among the strange people I noticed the man who had stolen into our home and wanted to play with me.

They asked him something. He replied in a

low voice, fearfully pointing to me and to his legs.

"The little monkey scared the thief! Brave monkey!" shouted the people.

What does "thief" mean?

At last the strange people left the room.

Zo-Zo took me into her arms caressingly. Toh smiled and said:

"Katey, our faithful guard!"

"Guard"—another unknown word!

Who is going to explain it all to me?

Among the things scattered all over the room, Toh found the stick which I left near the door. He showed it to Zo-Zo and laughed.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" I accompanied him.

Seized with unspeakable joy, I jumped from Zo-Zo's arms. I succeeded in making two full turns in the air. Another double somersault.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" I chattered with pride.

I felt that I was becoming more and more like Ori-Ori. Perhaps I, too, had helped somebody in misfortune? Perhaps I have acted nobly?

I am very, very happy to-day, although I don't know why. Ah! Ah! Ah!

A day on which I really acted nobly.

To-day I was very naughty. Ho! Ho! I know I was naughty. I climbed on the table standing in front of the looking-glass.

Why did I do it? I wanted to see whether what Zo-Zo and Toh do before they go out of the house was nice.

I opened a beautiful transparent box and took a puff out of it. I know that Zo-Zo touches her face with it. I did the same. Suddenly I noticed in the looking-glass that my whole face was white.

Now I wanted to imitate Toh. I took a little bottle and poured on my head a cold, very cold water. I could smell a beautiful scent. Just like flowers growing in the jungle, or those standing on the table in the room.

The water went into my eye. It bit and burned terribly. I shouted, and quickly descended from the table. I rubbed my face with my fists. I kept my eyes shut. I knocked over the box with the powder. It fell down with a crash and broke into many pieces.

Oh, I have been naughty, very naughty!

Soon, the pain in my eye ceased. It only burnt a little.

I looked into the mirror. My hair was wet, but I wiped the white powder off my face.

After reflecting a while, I collected the bits of broken glass, put them in a corner, and sat down on the sofa.

I had the air of an innocent. But my heart was beating anxiously in my breast. I rocked for a long time, not knowing what to do.

Soon afterwards, Zo-Zo came back. I rushed to her, crying, and told her everything. I spoke for a long time, crying and asking her forgiveness. But Zo-Zo did not understand, for she patted me and repeated:

"Nice, good little Katey!"

"No! I am not nice and good, because I have been naughty."

In the evening I was already in bed, when I heard Zo-Zo's voice. She was reproaching the maid bitterly. She showed her a bit of the glass box which I had broken. The maid cried and said something through her tears.

I understood everything. Zo-Zo thought that the maid had broken the beautiful box.

I could not stand her tears. I jumped out of the basket and ran to Zo-Zo. I started again to tell how everything had happened, chattering, crying and muttering.

Zo-Zo again didn't understand.

Then I jumped on the table and showed how the misfortune had happened. With my hand, which was trembling terribly, I pointed to the broken glass which was lying in the corner, then I stroked my breast. I cried and muttered:

"Uh! Uh! Uh!"

At last Zo-Zo understood everything. The maid went away contented.

Sitting on the table, I waited to see what would happen to me now.

Zo-Zo said something to Toh. He listened attentively and raised his shoulders. He seemed to be astonished. For a long time they were talking together.

I shook with cold and fear. Zo-Zo took me off the table, put me to bed in the basket, and said:

"Sleep, Katey dear. You have acted very nobly. You have not concealed your guilt, and you have not let it fall on an innocent girl. Very well. But in future do not break anything."

I have acted nobly, like Ori-Ori! What happiness!

I was unable to sleep for joy. I was thinking that the aged Ngu-Ngu would surely have praised me, and—I sneezed—I had caught a cold while sitting on the table in front of the mirror without clothes.

But it does not matter! I have acted nobly—that's the main thing, as Uncle used to say. . . .

A day of a new game.

Zo-Zo and Toh never go out nowadays. I am so happy that they don't! I try to amuse my protectors as best I can. I have learnt to whistle very loud. I put four fingers into my mouth, arch the tongue and blow with all my might. Then my whistle resounds.

Ori-Ori knew how to whistle in this way. But he was not able to teach me to do it. I have acquired this art myself!

Toh shakes with laughter when looking at me. He does the same as I do. We both whistle and laugh. Zo-Zo stops her ears. But she too laughs. We have a fine game.

At last we stopped our romps. Zo-Zo started to play on what she calls the violin. I love her to play it. Then I sit down and embrace her leg. I sit quietly, afraid even to breathe. I seem to hear familiar voices from afar.

What can it be? Perhaps the green crowns of the jungle trees are rustling. Perhaps the stream rushing from the mountains is murmuring and splashing. Perhaps the wind is singing and fluttering quietly as it comes from the savannah.

And this? Is it the roar of the storm approaching?

Somebody is calling: "Ket, Ket, Ket!"

Another again laughs his silver laugh, so like the chirping of birds. Suddenly I hear the weeping of yearning.

I do love Zo-Zo's playing. The heart feels a little sad, but so happy, oh, so happy!

When she had finished, I looked into Toh's room. He was sitting at the table, writing.

I remembered that I had not written for several days. Nothing remarkable has happened. I had nothing to write about. Besides, I had a cold. I sneezed and sneezed. I again resembled Ori-Ori. Uncle sneezed like that when he got wet feet the night he was searching for me.

I started writing again. I noticed with dismay that there was no more space on the little pieces of bark. They were closely packed with the signs of the chimpanzee writing I had scratched. What was I to do?

I looked around helplessly. Toh noticed my embarrassment. He got up and put something white in front of me. Then a little green stick.

"Write, Katey!" he said. "Now you shall always have *paper* and a *pencil*.

For a considerable time I did not know how to handle these things. Toh put the pencil into my hand and taught me how to write on paper.

Men have a multitude of useful things.

Toh took my old diary away, wrapped it in paper and put it away. I felt very grateful to him, because the dry bark was beginning to crumble.

Now I wrote at Toh's side. I stood up on the chair and scratched on the paper with the pencil.

When I got tired I started running all over the room. But I was soon bored with that. I did not want to interrupt my guardians.

Toh is always writing. Zo-Zo sits in an easy chair and reads. I cannot interrupt them.

I climbed on the sofa, and then I jumped onto its back. Over the sofa in Toh's room hangs something very amusing and very mysterious. It is a long box with a small door. In the door is something from which humans make windows. They call it glass. It is always clear and cold like

water. I hurt my forehead and nose painfully several times before I understood. Now I don't do it any more.

Ho! Ho! Now I am wise, and know many things.

If I could go back to my chimpanzees, I could tell them long stories of many wonders. The cities, houses and rooms of men are full of wonders.

Silently and cautiously I opened the glass doors. Inside was a round, white disc with black signs and two arrows. One was shorter, the other longer. What could that be? Under the white circle hung another smaller disc, which was swinging left and right. Amusing!

I often hear something ringing in the box. Sometimes short, once or twice only, sometimes longer. It rings regularly and measuredly. "Bim-bom-bim-bom!"

It's a very mysterious affair, is that box.

Before the ringing begins, something gnashes inside the box and then rattles, gradually dying away till it stops altogether. Then I hear only a slight clicking. "Tik-tak-tik-tak!"

It is a very mysterious matter altogether.

It was necessary to examine everything thoroughly. I touched the swinging disc. That moment something creaked and started to ring.

It happened so unexpectedly that I started back and slipped from my support. To save my-

self from falling I clutched at the disc. The box was torn off and fell on the sofa with a bang. I screamed, because it crushed my feet.

Zo-Zo jumped from her chair and rushed to me.

"You are naughty, Katey!" she said to me reproachfully. "I was always told that little chimpanzees were always nice, while . . ."

I interrupted her and began to say that I wanted to examine the mysterious box. Why, I had to find out what was inside there, gnashing, ringing and ticking.

Zo-Zo did not understand what I was saying, and repeated:

"You were naughty, very naughty! You must not touch the clock! You see? The hands and the pendulum have been wrenched off. Now we shall not know what time it is!"

She threatened me with her finger. Meantime Toh was muttering something and hanging up the box again.

I cried, because I felt ashamed and because my feet pained me through being crushed. I sat down in a corner and pondered, rocking myself. Clock? Hands? Pendulum? Time?

What does it all mean? Only Ori-Ori himself could have explained it to me. Men do not understand if I ask anything.

Why have they so many different words, when the chimpanzees have only a few? It's true we

can say everything. But our words are short and resemble each other. Men do not notice the difference between our words. . . . It is a pity!

I shall never touch a clock or anything else again.

A day of misfortune.

I have not written for a long time, a very long time. Not since I annoyed Zo-Zo with the clock adventure. During the whole of this time I have had neither paper nor pencil.

I couldn't even write, for I did not know what was to become of me.

I have lived through terrible days. I shall recount it all from the very beginning.

One day in the morning Zo-Zo gave me bananas and a soft, juicy pear. She dressed me in a new, much warmer suit, put an overcoat over me and wrapped my head in a shawl.

Why was she dressing me so warmly? She had never done it before. After she had dressed me and put me into the basket, covering me with the little blanket, she said: "My little Katey, we have to part for a long time, for a whole five days."

I screamed and cried.

"Don't cry, Katey," Zo-Zo said. "I shall send you to a very nice lady. You will feel very happy there. We shall come back, and you will be with

us again. You cannot go with us because it is already very cold outside."

I kissed Zo-Zo's hands and clung to her. I did not want to go to the nice lady. I was afraid to be parted from Zo-Zo. Despair and fear made me sob bitterly and cry terribly.

But it was all in vain.

The maid took the basket and carried me away. We went into the street. The tumult and noise, the roar and ringing of bells and the clamour were deafening. I even stopped crying and looked all around me in terror.

The city frightens me. It is more terrible than the jungle.

The maid walked for a very long time. She halted under some trees from which yellow and red leaves were falling. She put the basket on a bench and looked at a funny man. He had tattered clothing and a broad hat covered with mud. He was turning something sticking out from the side of a large black box.

The box creaked, squeaked, and played some tune in a wheezy tone. On the top of the box jumped and walked tiny human figures.

In my memory were revived Uncle's tales of the barrel-organ grinder and his barrel-organ with its handle. Yes! Yes! In front of me I saw the organ-grinder who had pricked poor Ori-Ori when he did not succeed in throwing a somersault.

I was afraid of the barrel-organ grinder. He had a swarthy, wrinkled face, a long white beard, evil eyes, and big red hands.

I tried to hide under the little blanket.

At that moment somebody seized me from behind. I was enveloped in darkness. I screamed, but I could not even hear my own voice.

Somebody pressed me strongly and quickly against his own body. My head constantly knocked against the runner. I trembled all over my body. My teeth chattered.

At last I was allowed to see.

I looked around, half-mad with fear. I found myself in a dark little room which had one window high up close to the ceiling. A red-haired boy in a torn suit held me fast under the arm. He was laughingly telling his story to some people sitting around a table.

There were several of them. They had pale, evil looking faces and unkempt hair and beards.

"You're a smart boy, Sparrow!" said one of them, patting the red-haired boy on the back.

"I pinched the monkey from under the very nose of that girl!" said Sparrow with a laugh. "She was staring at the organ-grinder and the dancing dolls. . . ."

"And you grabbed it, and here's the monkey!" roared the bearded man.

"And I grabbed it!" repeated the red-haired boy.

"A good catch!" said a third, a lean, freckled fellow. "It's a chimpanzee. The most expensive kind of monkey. We shall sell it for good money. Sure!"

"We shall have to hurry up!" added a fourth. "They will be searching for this ugly beast. The police, the newspapers. . . . There'll be a pretty row."

"I shall take it at once to sell it!" announced the first man. "I know a man who deals in canaries, parrots, goldfish, rabbits and foxes. . . ."

The red-haired boy fastened my leg to the table with a string, and sat down.

They all sat eating, laughing and talking all at once.

"I say, Sparrow, let's have a closer look at the monkey," said the freckled fellow.

The boy put me on the table. I had tears in my eyes, and I trembled.

"Are you afraid?" laughed the freckled one, and gave me a flick on the nose.

I shrieked with pain, but after a moment I sneezed. Everybody roared with laughter. They gave me more flicks, and each time I shrieked and sneezed.

"You are wicked! Wicked!" I said through my tears. "Has poor Katey done you any wrong that you should treat her so harshly?"

I could not stand on my legs, and I fell over.

"That's enough!" said the man with the beard. "You will kill her altogether, and then we shan't be able to sell her."

He poured water into a glass and offered it to me. I was very thirsty, and I gulped it down at once.

They were all silent, and stared at me attentively.

After a while I felt as if fire were running through my arms and legs. My throat and chest burned with fire. But suddenly I felt merry and bright. I started walking on my hands and cut a caper. I wanted to do a somersault. But I could not. I reeled and fell over on my back.

I could not see or hear anything.

Days of further adventures.

I woke up because I felt some light falling on me. I wiped my eyes. . . . My head was heavy and aching. . . . My heart was beating fast. . . . My hands were trembling. Only with difficulty could I move my legs.

At last I looked around. And I nearly fainted with terror.

I was lying in a cage!

All around sounded the chirping and singing of birds. Yellow, grey, red, speckled and green birds were perching or hopping in small cages, pecking seeds and drinking water. Others were

sitting immovable, sad, and breathing heavily. From moment to moment they shut their eyes and trembled.

I was hungry. I noticed a carrot in the corner of the cage.

Zo-Zo often gave me this root. I never wanted to eat it. I preferred bananas or pears. But now I ate the carrot, and I must say I even liked it. I drank some water.

I looked at the birds. They fluttered, chirped and sang. Some of them chased and fought one another.

Suddenly, one of the little birds, sitting on a stick with its feathers puffed up, chirped plaintively and fell down to the bottom of the cage. It lay with its little breast upwards, its little claws pressed against its yellow body. It did not move or rise.

A small old man with a hairless head came in. He is getting bald like Ori-Ori, I thought.

The old man examined the cages. He poured new seeds and water into the cages. Noticing the little bird which was lying down, he took it out and threw it into a large box.

"Here, foxie, have a snack," he said.

A beautiful red fox wagged his bushy tail and caught the little bird.

I did not look any more.

The old man came towards me.

"How do you feel, old girl?" he asked, wink-

ing at me with one eye. He looked so much like Ori-Ori!

"Ah! A well behaved girl ought not to look too much into the glass!" prated the bald old man. "Drink doesn't do anybody any good! Exactly! Just so."

He lifted my cage and put it on the window sill.

In front of me I saw the glass and behind it a street. Motor-cars were rushing by. Men were hurrying in different directions.

Suddenly, a boy stopped in front of the window, and shouted:

"A monkey! Oh, how lovely! It's a chimpanzee!"

In no time there was a crowd of people in front of the window.

I listened to what the humans were saying about me. I was wondering all the time. I can't understand humans. They are said to be clever and quiet.

Some of them were enchanted with me. They were saying I was very nice and resembled human beings. Others were saying in disgust: "What an ugly, disgusting monkey!"

I cannot understand humans. I know myself that I am not beautiful, but I also know that I am not disgusting.

Why do such wise creatures as the humans say something that is not true? It's all very strange.

A day of changing fate.

I remained in the cage several days. During the day it was always put into the window.

The bald old man was neither good nor bad to me. He fed me, and talked without end. He talked and talked. Soon I did not even listen to what he was saying. He bored me. . . . There was no sense in his words.

My food consisted of carrots, raw potatoes and salad. These weren't dainties, but they could be eaten when there wasn't anything else.

I longed for Zo-Zo. I used to cry during the night. Sometimes I seemed to hear Zo-Zo calling: "Katey! Little Katey!"

I jumped up and listened. But there was nothing except the chirping of birds and the muttering of the bald shopkeeper.

Despair never left me.

Oh! If I could but write in my misery! I had not a bit of bark, nor a scrap of paper. I tried to remember everything correctly. Sometime, perhaps, I shall be able to write down my adventures, I consoled myself.

One day, a tall, worried-looking lady came into the shop. I could see from her eyes that she must have been crying a lot.

She enquired about birds.

"I would like to have one which could cheer up my little daughter," she said in a sad voice. "The poor little thing is very ill."

"I have parrots, my lady," said the shopkeeper. "Very clever birds, they are. They know how to talk and whistle."

Whistle? I know how to do that, I thought. I put two fingers in my mouth and whistled.

The lady and the bald old man were staggered, and turned round.

My fate changed at once. The lady decided to take me along with her. She talked to the old man for a very long time, and it looked as if she were arguing with him.

At last she gave him some coloured paper scraps.

The bald shopkeeper, bowing all the way, and talking, took me to the motor-car.

We started for an unknown destination.

Days with the little sick girl.

My new mistress is a little girl. She is a little bigger than I. She has blue eyes and golden hair.

The poor thing is ill and sad. She cannot move. She is lying in bed and groaning all day long. The sick, sad little girl is always crying. I am so sorry for her!

"I've brought you a monkey!" said the tall lady, the mother of the little girl. "It's a little chimpanzee, said to be very clever. I would like her to amuse you and to cheer you up, my darling!"

I knew at once what I had to do.

From now on, little weak Joan laughed uninterruptedly. She didn't want to remain by herself alone for a moment. She was always calling me.

I try to be nice. I don't touch anything in the house. I make merry and amuse Joan. I do it for her, because I know that she is ill. My heart remains longing and aching.

I am always thinking of Zo-Zo. I can hear her voice. There are moments when I hear the moving tones of the fiddle.

Zo-Zo! Zo-Zo! I do love you so much! I am longing so much! My heart is breaking.

I do not show it to anybody. I do not give myself away. I play pranks, frolic, whistle, walk on my hands. I am here in order that little sick Joan should be happy. I fulfil my duties honestly. So did my Daddy, the courageous Rru, our chieftain.

I am again getting pears and bananas. I have been given new fruit—apples, peaches and grapes. They are good.

But the banana is best of all. I am sure it is because it grows in the jungle, in my jungle.

I also like oranges. I would love to have some papaw. I never see it here. Why not? In the jungle and on the savannah there are so many papaw trees. It is true that it is very, very far from here.

At last I have found some paper and a pencil. Joan was amusing herself with drawing some-

thing on paper. I took a large piece of paper, and at last I could write down my adventures. Everything I had been through since the unhappy day of parting with Zo-Zo.

And to think that Zo-Zo's last remembrance of me will be the broken clock! I feel like crying when I think of it.

There is a clock hanging here too. A large, round clock, but without a pendulum. It clicks in exactly the same way. Tik-tak! Tik-tak! But the bell strikes differently. Very fast and thin, like a small, the smallest of little birds. Dik! Dik! Dik!

It's a silly clock. I have the impression that it is always embarrassed, and hurrying without rest. Meanwhile it always remains on the same spot, on the wall near the stove.

The stove is good. It warms little Joan and poor, sad Katey, the chimpanzee. I like the stove!

A day on which I set off into the world again.

I have spent many days with Joan. She doesn't groan and languish any more. The doctor said that Joan was well again, thanks to the nice, amusing monkey.

That means me! I was happy and proud.

Is it noble to heal a little sick girl? To amuse her and cheer her up when one's heart is aching?

At last Joan has left her bed. Her mother had

tears of joy in her eyes. The little girl is regaining her health rapidly.

I wish I knew whether Ori-Ori regained his health after the combat with the serval!

Joan and I run all over the house, playing hide-and-seek. We never part.

I have come to like my little mistress, and I watch over her. When she approaches the cold window, I seize her by the hand and take her away from it. I wrap her into her warm shawl when it slips from her shoulders.

Joan likes to play with me, but she never caresses me. She gives me dainty sweets, biscuits and fruit. My little heart pines for something more.

I dreamed of the moment when Joan would take me into her arms, cuddle me, and pat my head. I need caresses. Why, I am still only a child! A little orphan, without Daddy or Mummy, without good, dear Zo-Zo.

Joan does not understand.

Yesterday, when I felt very lonely and sad, I put my arm round my little friend's neck. I wanted to kiss her. Joan jumped up from her chair, and shouted: "Go away, disgusting monkey! How dare you touch my face?"

She got hold of my ear and smacked my face. So it's like that? I have given joy and health to Joan, and she smacks my face?

Oh! Joan is very, very wicked!

I was frightened. I looked into her blue eyes, which became evil looking. I thought: What will become of Joan when she grows up? I wouldn't like to fall into her hands then.

I escaped into my corner. I sat down and started to rock. I had to think seriously over what had happened.

I no longer liked Joan. I could not remain with her any longer.

I waited till the moment when the maid used to come and open the door into the courtyard before nightfall. I gathered together my diary and a pencil, and unobserved, I left the house. I was determined never to come back to Joan again. I prefer even red-haired Sparrow or the bald shopkeeper to her!

A day of freedom.

Since yesterday I am by myself, and free. I am sad and full of fear.

But still it is better so! I can be sad if I feel like it. I need not chatter merrily and whistle to amuse others while crying stealthily myself.

To-day I shed many tears. I was thinking of the jungle, of Mummy and Zo-Zo.

In the courtyard I climbed the fence. Beyond it were large trees. I jumped onto the nearest branch and climbed to the very top of the tree.

The tree had nuts in a green, prickly shell. The nuts weren't good, but I ate them because

I was hungry. When I had had enough, I looked round with greater comfort.

I was in a large garden. I could see the birds. They were slowly going to sleep, and chirped lazily. The sun was setting in the sky. Slowly, dusk was falling. It didn't fall like that in the jungle. There the night came all at once. Dear jungle!

I squeezed myself between the branches. Thus I wasn't afraid to fall, and I even slept a little.

In the morning I examined the whole garden. It wasn't as large as our jungle. I did not find bananas or papaws. Only nuts were growing on the trees. I ate some of them, and wanted to write.

Suddenly it occurred to me that I was too near Joan's house. They might find me here!

I decided to run farther away. I ran across the garden, and climbed onto the fence. Beyond it extended a field. I jumped down from the fence and hid in the grass. I moved cautiously, concealing myself and examining the neighbourhood carefully.

By noon, I reached an old, half ruined fence. I peeped through a cleft. I saw something new.

Large red boxes with windows were standing on wheels. Some monsters were moving fast in all directions with a roaring and puffing. They threw up high clouds of black and white smoke.

Terror began to creep over me. Suddenly, I

scented something very alluring. The more so as I was beginning to feel hungry again. I could smell the wonderful fragrance of apples.

I crossed to the other side of the fence, and sniffed. The scent led me to one of the wheeled boxes. I could smell the aroma of apples ever stronger. I love apples when they are sweet and juicy.

I fidgeted around the box, looking everywhere. It was closed fast. What should I do? I had to get through to the apples. I was growing hungrier and hungrier.

I soon noticed that the little iron window of the box was not quite shut. Ah! The rest went quite smoothly. I climbed quickly and skilfully to the black roof of the box. From there I reached the window.

The inside of the box was dark. I noticed, however, that it was full of apples. Without further thought I jumped onto them.

What wonderful apples they were! I could not tear myself from them. I ate and ate.

I was soon overcome by sleep. My eyelids closed of themselves. I pressed into a dark corner where I found a bundle of hay. I fell asleep.

I don't know how long I slept. When I woke up and realised where I was, I understood that the box was quickly moving forward. It shook, joggled and creaked. Under the floor resounded a measured rattle. Tra-tata! Tra-tata!

I was riding. Where to? Into the unknown world.

I sighed. . . . I felt like crying. But I suppressed my tears. I thought that it wouldn't help me in my new adventure. Whether I cry or not, the box will go on carrying me and persistently rattling its: "Tra-tata, tra-tata!"

It's better to eat some more of those ruddy apples. They were excellent! Sweet and full of invigorating juice. It quenched my thirst wonderfully.

Uh! Uh! Uh! Something moved there behind the heap of apples.

I hid but kept my eye on the opposite corner. Soon I saw a dishevelled fair head, and after a while I could see the frightened face of a little boy.

I was so glad! I had a fellow traveller! Perhaps we shall even become friends.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" I cried joyfully, and threw him an apple.

The boy uttered a cry of terror and hid himself. I went to him with my hand outstretched. He was sitting on a heap of apples. In his eyes I could see fear.

"I—I—have pity!" he muttered, and bowed his head.

Did he think I wanted to strike him?

I looked at him in amazement. He lifted his

head and looked at me. In his big blue eyes I could now see tears and joy.

"A monkey?" he whispered. "A nice little monkey in a suit?"

He took me carefully into his arms, clasped me to his chest and kissed my head. I caressed him too. It was such a long time since I had been caressed! Our hearts beat fast. We both cried.

I started to tell my new friend all my adventures. He did not understand, but he smiled and patted my hands. At last he said: "I know that you are saying something to me. But I cannot understand you, little monkey. I had better tell you of myself. I am sure you will not understand me either, but still I shall tell you."

He put me on his lap, wrapped my little feet in his coat and said:

"I used to travel through little towns and villages with Joe. Joe is an acrobat. Years ago he was very famous. Now, he is old and shaky. Besides, he is always drunk. He drinks gin and whiskey. He taught me his tricks. I perform while Joe beats the drum. If the onlookers don't put some money into his hat, Joe beats me."

"O! O! O!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, yes!" said the little boy, looking at me with astonishment. "He thrashed me. He would say: 'Bill, you don't know how to entertain the ladies and gentlemen!' And he would strike me again."

Bill sighed, and wiped the tears from his eyes with his hand.

"Now, Joe is ill. He is in bed in a little village, and groans all day. He told me to go to town and buy medicine for him. But he didn't give me any money. He told me to beg. With the money I begged I had to buy medicine for him. I did as he told me. I bought the medicine, and now I am returning to him. I jumped on this train. I am so afraid the conductor will discover me. He will give me a good hiding and throw me out."

As I listened to Bill I cried and clung to him more and more closely.

"Little monkey!" he whispered, "we shall go to Joe together. I shall teach you all sorts of tricks. We shall earn a lot of money, and then Joe won't hit me any more."

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" I chattered with joy.

I got to love this pale, quiet little boy at first sight. I did not want to be separated from him.

He must have understood me, for he clasped me in his arms, and kissed my very nose.

We travelled all day long. We sat close to each other and enjoyed the apples. It was so quiet and pleasant! I felt as if I were with Ori-Ori. Even the box, which Bill called a truck, rattled quite merrily. "Tra-tata! Tra-tata!"

At last the rattling ceased. The boy pushed the door aside, and looked out cautiously.

"We've got to beat it, monkey! We are there!"

He took me by the hand and was down in one leap. Somebody shouted and ran after us. Bill rushed away like a quickfooted red antelope in the savannah. I hung on, clinging firmly to the boy around his neck.

We ran quite a while. It was not until we were surrounded by trees that Bill stopped.

"The village is behind this forest. I left Joe there. Let's take a breath first."

We sat down under a tree. I took an apple out of my pocket and gave it to the boy. He was glad to have it, for he was thirsty and hot after the long run.

What a happiness to have a friend! Now I know I shall not perish. We shall help each other, and share everything between us. Just as we shared that apple.

The day of my first public appearance.

I have met Joe.

He is white-headed, with a red face. He limps and moves about with difficulty, leaning on a stick.

Joe has got a thick, knotty stick. Did he hit little Bill with *that* stick?

On the whole, Joe did not strike me as a bad man. He is always sad and silent. While walking

about, he is constantly moving his lips. Just as if he were always chewing something.

He was very glad of the medicine, and even more of my arrival. The next day he could walk quite well.

"Bill," he said quietly, "we have no money. We must give a show."

"All right," said the submissive boy. "I shall ring the bell and beat the drum at once."

He took something large and round with him, and started to beat it with a short stick, having a small ball at one end. Joe rang the bell.

Zo-Zo rang the bell for the maid. The clock too had a bell, and I have got little bells. But I never saw before such a big bell as that which Joe rang.

People crowded from all sides.

We stood on the square in the centre of the village.

"Hide the monkey under the rug, and then show it to the public. It will be a first class turn!" Joe said to Bill.

"The monkey is clever," said the boy. "I shall soon teach her to walk on her hands and to cut capers. We shall make a lot of money then!"

"O! O! O!" I cried. "I know how to walk on my hands and to cut capers!"

They did not understand, because they did not even listen. They only smiled at me.

Meanwhile a crowd of people surrounded us.

We stood on the square in the centre of the village.

I was sitting under the rug. Through a little hole in it I saw everything that was going on.

Joe was beating the drum. Bill was running at full speed and vaulting in the air. Each time he shouted: "Hop!" Joe repeated after him: "Hop!" Then the boy walked on his hands and jumped through a hoop.

At last my turn came. The rug was removed, and I was shown to the public. Joe was speaking: "This is a chimpanzee! The cleverest of the African monkeys!"

The crowd shouted and laughed. The children put out their hands to me.

I was led into the centre of the circle.

"Now, I shall show them what I can do!" I thought.

I started to walk on my hands, and to vault through the air. Joe and Bill were speechless with amazement. I climbed on the drum, and jumping off it, I did a double somersault in the air.

The crowd of onlookers roared. Everybody applauded me. Joe and Bill applauded with the others, and were crying with joy.

Seeing the general admiration, I put a finger into my mouth and whistled with all my might. The dogs, which were prowling about, took to flight howling. From a nearby roof a scared flock of white birds flew up.

The onlookers were mad with joy.

Joe kissed my hands. Bill had tears in his eyes. Large and small discs of money fell into Joe's hat. He collected quite a lot of it.

I was happy and proud.

Well, I had been through a good school with Uncle Ori-Ori. Who could have expected that those pranks of Uncle's would ever be of any use? And they were of use now. Rather!

"You are a great artiste!" Joe said to me after the performance.

I am an artiste? What does that mean? It must be something good, because Joe said it with deep feeling and admiration.

"You are my friend, my dear little monkey!" Bill whispered into my ear.

It gave me great joy.

But I was worried because my little trousers burst while I was jumping. I was so sorry. . . .

Days of new emotions.

Nowadays I do not write much. For one thing, I am saving up the paper. For another, I have no time.

Now it is one continual round of shows, applause, and hard work. . . .

We are making a lot of money now.

Joe has bought himself a new suit of clothes. I, too, have got a new pair of green trousers and a white hat. Only poor Bill still runs about in his old ragged coat and patched trousers. Why?

But for him, I wouldn't be working with Joe. Bill has taught me some new tricks.

I can ring the bell, beat the drum, blow the trumpet and shoot. I shoot with a small rifle.

I should like to know if it is possible to shoot a leopard with it? If I met a leopard, I should try. . . .

We have visited all the villages in the neighbourhood, and also two small towns.

I have spent a long time with Joe and Bill. Much longer than with Joan.

I never think of her. But I love Bill very much, and I do like Joe. I like him even when he is drunk.

Now that he is doing much better, he drinks but rarely. But sometimes he gets drunk all the same. It happens when he says in a sad voice:

"My *soul* is sad to-day!"

What is *soul?*

I often hear this word, though I don't know what it means. I heard it one day when two peasants were quarrelling heatedly. One was saying: "I tell you Jim, Joe's monkey has got a soul."

"No!" denied the other. "The monkey is an animal. She cannot be possessed of a soul."

"You think that only man has got a soul," continued the first peasant. "I say that monkeys have got souls too."

"If monkeys have got souls," said Jim, "then

you, Bob, are a monkey yourself," laughed the peasant.

"You are a monkey yourself!" retorted Bob angrily.

They started to belabour each other with their fists.

How foolish they are! I don't know myself whether I have got a soul. So how can they quarrel over it? Why did the tall peasant get offended when the other called him a monkey? Is it wrong to be a monkey? "The monkey is an animal," said one of the peasants. Is it wrong to be an animal?

The chimpanzees call "animals" everything that attacks and kills. Animals are—a leopard, a snake, a serval, a civet and a lion. The chimpanzees do not attack and do not kill.

The Negroes kill little monkeys. The white man killed the big elephant. Is man, too, an animal?

I don't know whether my reasoning is sound. There is nobody who could answer this question for me. What a pity!

The day before yesterday Joe had a lot of whiskey. His face was red, and he sang aloud. He even tried to jump through a hoop. He was merry, quite joyful.

Oh! I have been merry too, when I was given a drink! That was bad, very bad and dangerous.

Joe became suddenly sad. His eyes glittered.

He started to reproach Bill. He tried to hit the boy with a stick. I leapt and grasped Joe's hand. He shook me off and went on with his fist raised.

Bill tried to protect me. He was badly beaten by drunken Joe, but the dear boy saved me.

He cried bitterly. We both cried.

Joe called him some words which I didn't know. At last he fell asleep.

"Now we shall have peace for a few days," said Bill, with a sigh, feeling his aching body.

Next day Joe went about, embarrassed and ashamed. He avoided looking into our eyes.

He went out to town and came back with a big parcel. Bill got a new suit. I got five bananas, fresh and sweet like sugar.

Joe isn't so bad. He is only very unhappy. . . . Perhaps he, too, has lost his Daddy and Mummy? Poor Joe!

I have found a piece of paper in the box.

I sat down in the shadow and wrote. Joe noticed it and observed me attentively. At last he muttered something and went away. In the evening he fixed a strange object on my nose. When Bill saw me, he called:

"Oh, how jolly! A little monkey with spectacles!"

Joe pushed a piece of paper and a pencil towards me. I began to write at once. My friends shook with laughter.

"We shall go to town to-morrow!" said Joe.

Bill taught me to write on little scraps of paper. I put them into envelopes and stick down the flaps. After trying three times, I knew how to do it. I quickly grasped what my friend wanted me to do.

We gave shows in the courtyards of big houses in the towns.

One day Joe came home very happy. From the door he shouted to us:

"To-morrow we shall appear in a circus!"

A circus is a big house built of white and green sheets.

To tell the truth, it was *I* who performed in the circus. Joe stood near me dressed in black and told me what to do.

I jumped, walked on my hands, leapt through the hoop, whistled, blew the trumpet, shot, and beat the drum with all my might. I succeeded in jumping two beautiful double somersaults.

Then came the most important turn.

I sat down at a table, put the spectacles on my nose, and started to write. After I had put the little scrap of paper into an envelope, I ran towards the public and delivered the envelope to someone. I flourished my hat and whistled merrily.

The circus shook with applause, shouting and laughter. I got a lot of sweets, oranges, pears and apples.

Joe was beside himself with joy.

The circus director patted and praised me. One of the lady artistes gave me a kiss.

I appeared in the circus for several days. It was always full of people.

Every time I tried to find Zo-Zo. What happiness, were she to come to the circus!

"You know, little monkey," said Bill to me, "on the programme they call you a 'second Moritz.' By Jingo, that's something!"

I did not know the word "programme," and I had never heard of Moritz. But I thought that both things must be good. . . .

The day I learnt of Moritz.

Joe is ill to-day. I appeared in the circus with Bill. I did a new trick.

While writing the letters, I lit a pipe. I don't care much for it. The smoke bites the throat. And tears come to the eyes.

But it must be very funny. The little monkey sits on a chair, with spectacles on her nose, smokes a pipe and writes.

The public laughed so much that the whole circus shook. I was overwhelmed with all sorts of dainties. We went home with a heap of sweets, cakes and fruit.

Joe sat silently at the table. As always, he was sad. We had supper together. Suddenly Joe looked at me and said: "What if we were to buy a tiny motor-car, or at least a bicycle? Our mon-

key would soon learn to drive the motor-car or ride on the bike. What do you think, Bill?"

"Oh! she's very quick!" called the boy. "I could teach her to do it in two days."

"She would be better than Moritz then," added Joe.

"Do tell me about Moritz, Uncle Joe," begged Bill.

"O-o-o-o-o!" I muttered. "I didn't know that Joe was an 'Uncle' too. An Uncle like Ori-Ori."

Meanwhile the old acrobat was saying:

"Moritz was the most famous of all chimpanzees. He knew how to imitate man. He dressed and undressed himself. He smoked a pipe. He rode a bicycle. . . . He could roller-skate, and play the piano. . . ."

"Did he know how to write letters?" asked Bill.

"No, he couldn't do that!" replied Joe.

"There you are!" called the boy. "And our monkey knows how to write! She can learn anything!"

I gave Bill a grateful look, and offered him a sweet. A good black sweet wrapped in a glittering paper.

I think I could do all that Moritz did. To dress and to undress? Why, there's nothing in that! I know already how to fasten and unfasten the buttons and to untie the belt.

To smoke? I smoke in the circus every evening. I don't like this turn, but I can smoke.

To ride a bicycle? I don't know that. I have never seen a bicycle.

Nor do I know what "roller-skates" means. But I am sure I could learn it all.

I don't know what a piano is. But I can blow the trumpet. Why shouldn't I be able to play the piano?

A trifle!

"Moritz," continued Joe, "appeared in circuses for many years. He was known and appreciated all the world over. His owner earned a lot of money. So much, that he was able to build himself a beautiful house. It is ten years ago since Moritz disappeared."

"Disappeared? How?" asked Bill.

"Well, it happened like this," said Joe again. "Moritz was always in the best of health and good spirits. All of a sudden he began to be moody, walked about gloomily, sticking for hours in a corner and rocking. He rubbed his forehead. Pressed his hand to his heart. In short, Moritz was longing for something. Who or what was he longing for? He was very friendly with his owner. He had been with him since his childhood. He could not be longing for another man. I think he was longing for his motherland. It happened when he became a grown-up chimpanzee. . . ."

For a while Joe was silent, smoking his pipe. Then he continued: "Moritz was appearing in a sea-coast town. Such towns stand on the shore of the sea. One day, just before the circus was about to open, Moritz disappeared. The owner could not find him anywhere. . . . But after a few days a fisherman told what had happened to Moritz. The fisherman was mending his nets in a boat. Suddenly he saw a big chimpanzee. It came close to the water and sniffed. It looked at the sea and muttered something. Then it pulled off its clothes and shoes. It lifted its head and for a while gazed into the skies, following the setting sun. It jumped into the sea and swam. The fisherman saw for a long time how Moritz threw out its arms from the water as it cut the waves. It swam away and away. At last it disappeared beyond the horizon, there where the rays of the sun form the shining mist. . . ."

"It swam to its mother-country?" asked Bill in a whisper.

"I think it did," answered Joe.

"Did Moritz reach it?" asked the boy again.

"I don't know . . . nobody knows . . ." said Joe, and pondered.

Although I did not understand everything, still . . . I think Moritz reached his country. There, in the sunny mist, he found his jungle.

If one wills something strongly enough, one can do anything. Rru wanted to defend his coun-

try against the leopard—and he did. Ori-Ori resolved to find me in the jungle—and he did.

Toh crossed the jungle, the mountains and the savannah, and afterwards crossed the sea. . . .

Moritz returned to his people.

Suddenly, before my eyes passed the bent, white-haired Granny I-So. She, too, had disappeared in the radiant mist of the sun. She had flown away on the wings of the huge, dark bird.

I was sad. My heart was breaking painfully.

Where did Moritz swim to? Nobody knows. So said Joe.

Everyone was silent . . . I was crying quietly.

That evening neither sweets nor oranges had any attraction for me. I was thinking of the aged I-So, who had gone away from us, and of the celebrated Moritz.

I dreamt of him during the night. He swam, breaking the hissing waves with his strong arms. Behind him I was following—still so small and weak.

I woke up, because my heart was beating violently.

I felt a great joy. I didn't know whether to cry, or to laugh and shout:

"Ah! Ah! Ah!"

A terrible day.

We have finished our engagement in the circus. Joe drank a lot to celebrate this occasion. Then

he flew into a rage. He smashed all the empty bottles. He threw the glasses to the floor. He threatened us with the stick, shouted and raved.

I hid under the bed. Little Bill sat in a corner behind the stove, frightened.

"Bill!" shouted Joe, "Get me some more whiskey."

Bill got up, and said haltingly:

"Uncle, you have had enough! Remember you are old and ill!"

Joe seized the stick and rushed at the boy. He threw him on the floor, hitting him with the stick and kicking him.

I could not restrain myself. In one leap I was on Joe's chest. I beat his face, I scratched him, I tore his hair. I croaked passionately and threateningly.

I saved Bill. The old acrobat forgot him. He now tried to get hold of me. I dodged him as best I could. But he caught me. He lifted his arm and hit me with the stick on the back.

I felt that suddenly my legs weakened and lost all feeling. I fell down like dead. I lay groaning for a long time.

Bill caught hold of me and rushed out of the house. We cried hopelessly for a long time.

Our life is terrible! . . .

Days of misery and sickness.

We are again visiting the villages and the courtyards of town houses.

People don't give us much money.

It's only Bill who performs. I am not able to. I am ill. I squat up on my weak legs. I am in great pain and am altogether shaky. I haven't even strength enough to stand up. I sit down all the time and shake sadly.

My mind is a blank. It is only rarely that I write on a scrap of dirty paper. Inside my little coat I am carefully preserving my diary.

I don't feel any anger against Joe. . . . He is very unhappy. He regrets what he has done. And he avoids looking at me.

I live on bread and potatoes.

Fame and success are treacherous and fleeting. To-day they are here, to-morrow they are gone.

"A great artiste," a "second Moritz"—and raw, rotten potatoes. It is all so strange!

Nowadays Joe never mentions the auto, the bicycle or the roller-skates for me. Why? Perhaps it's because he often shakes his head over me and says:

"Poor cripple!"

When I hear it, I feel a pain and sadness in my heart. It is a terrible word.

Days of sad thoughts.

A long time has passed since the struggle with Joe. I can walk now, although my legs sink and get tired quickly.

I perform together with Bill. Of course I don't jump, and I cannot even dream of somersaults. But I can walk on my hands. I blow the trumpet and I beat the drum. I also smoke the pipe and write letters.

This turn has the greatest and unbroken success with the public.

We are making money again. We are living in much more comfort now. But we have to work harder than before.

Joe is always ill. We have spent a lot of money on medicines for him. Ever more frequently he remains behind in the inn.

We two, Bill and I, visit the courtyards together.

In the evenings I sit in my corner and rock, sometimes as late as midnight.

I feel sad. I don't want to meet Zo-Zo now . . . I am so sad, so utterly miserable. I wouldn't be able to give the least pleasure to kind Zo-Zo. A poor, sick, weak, sad chimpanzee cannot give pleasure to anybody. Zo-Zo will do better to find herself another Katey. A healthy and a jolly one.

I . . . I don't know what will become of me. I don't think of it . . . I am so sad . . . Nowadays I never cry, for what good does it do?

Days of renewed success.

I am very, very successful again. But somehow it is a different kind of success.

Together with Bill I visit the courtyards as before. We give shows.

My legs still give me pain and shake at every step. But I am winning success. Why? I don't know!

Very often, after the performance, rich people living in these houses call us into their magnificent rooms. Gorgeously clad children, beautiful ladies and serious men sit around on chairs.

Bill and I do our tricks on the carpet. They pay us for it. They give us sweets and oranges. Once I even got a banana. I was so happy! I gave Bill half of the banana.

I have noticed the children of rich people are of all sorts. Some are good. They pat me, caress me, and give me good things to eat. They say in their sweet voices:

"Poor little monkey!"

Other children are bad. They try to pull at me, to pinch me or to box my ears. When they offer me some sweets, they tease me by trying to take them away again. They put out their tongues and make ugly faces at me. Oh! If they only knew how sad it makes me!

Why are children wicked?

Their parents love them so much. They take

such great care of them. They ought to be happy and love everybody . . . the whole world.

But the wicked children put out their tongues at me and call: "What an ugly monkey! What a monster!"

Oh! I am so sad!

I prefer the other children. Those who live in small, dark rooms. They watch our shows through little windows. Small, mud-covered windows, close to the ground. They look through grey glass, squeezing their little noses against it.

The pale little faces of the children smile at us. Joy lightens up their sad, pitiful little eyes. These are poor children, the children of the poor.

I always go close up to those little windows rising near to the ground. For those pale, thin children I blow the trumpet, I beat the drum and whistle as loud as I can. If I could, I would jump such a somersault as nobody has ever seen before.

It seems to me that those poor children feel the same as I do. Sadness in their hearts. A sadness which never goes. The children from the basements of the rich houses sometimes run up to me. They pat me, kiss me and caress me with their words. Some of them put a bit of sugar or bread into my pocket. None of them has ever insulted me. Being wronged themselves, they don't want to wrong the little monkey.

Dear little children. . . . Those children peep-

ing from small dirty windows, which hardly rise above the ground.

A day of parting.

Joe is unable to get up from the bed any more. He groans and cries all day. . . . I am sorry for him. Poor Joe!

To-day he sent Bill to town. The boy came home crying. He was followed by a man who had shining buttons and a face without hair. He put a bunch of paper money in front of Joe and said: "My master is buying the monkey. I have come to fetch her."

Bill grasped me in his arms and sobbed bitterly.

I understood that I was leaving Joe and my little friend. What could I do? I loved Bill, I defended him as best I could, and helped him as best I could.

Life has taught me that everything in this world must pass. To-morrow will be different from to-day. To-day is different from yesterday. Everything must come to an end.

With tears in my eyes I kissed Bill.

Soon I found myself driven in a coach, sitting beside the man who had shining buttons and a face without hair. Where was he taking me?

It did not matter to me.

With my hands I pressed to my breast the diary, which I had hidden under my coat.

The coach moved quickly. On both sides of the

road stood high trees. I glanced at them with indifference. They were alien to me. They did not rise from the black soil of my jungle.

Oh! I know now that I shall never see it again!

Never . . . A terrible, pitiless word!

Days of new life.

I have been staying with my new friends for several days.

There are two of them. A little boy and a little girl. They have a Mummy and a Daddy. They live in a beautiful, big palace, surrounded by a forest. In front of the palace grow lots of flowers. The sun shines every day. It is warm, but not so warm as in the jungle. I could not go out without a suit.

Everybody here is kind to me. They like me and pamper me.

I have learnt one thing. I have thought about it for a long time. My little friends' Daddy said to them:

"You must love the little monkey. The poor little thing does not feel happy in an alien land. Evil men deprived her of her people and of her freedom. In captivity joy seldom visits the heart."

I had always thought that captivity means a cage. Now I know that captivity is something else. When a little monkey is caught and taken away from her parents, that is captivity. Perhaps that's why I am so often sad.

With every passing day I feel better and better. I can already walk quickly, and even run a little. In a few days' time I shall try to vault. I want to show my gratitude to my friends for their goodness.

To-day I climbed a tree. It was strange. Instead of leaves, needles. My hands stuck to the branches. Why was that?

Sitting on the tree, I thought of Ori-Ori, Zo-Zo, little Bill, and poor Joe . . . I even remembered red-haired Sparrow, the freckled scoundrel, and the bald little shopkeeper. The one that talked all the time. . . .

I am so young yet, and how many adventures I have had!

I saw a little animal leaping from tree to tree. Red, with a long, bushy tail. When it saw me it took fright and disappeared in a cleft.

The birds were singing and chirping all around. Dogs were running about in the courtyard. One of them is called Cutie, the other Nero. The first is white, the other black. They are big dogs, but very good-natured. They come to me every day, snuffle with their cold noses, and wag their tails.

They are good to me. Everybody is good to me in this house. I am resting.

The day on which I acted as a judge.

Considerable time has passed since I arrived at the palace. I feel almost restored in health by now.

The children laugh merrily when I jump or walk on my hands. Cutie and Nero answer my whistle at once and rush to me. They bark merrily and jump about.

An event occurred to-day after which I was called a "judge." "Judge?" Is it good or bad to be called a "judge"?

The boy (whose name is Peter) had taken me with him into the garden.

I like the garden. Tasty red berries grow there. Peter calls them strawberries.

Suddenly I noticed a little boy. He was on his knees, plucking strawberries. Peter, too, noticed him. He dropped me to the ground, ran towards the boy and hit him.

The attacked boy did not defend himself. He stood quietly and cried.

I don't like to see men striking men or animals. I know how painful it is. One is unable to walk for a long time afterwards. One's legs become feeble and shaky. . . . I remember how Joe hit me.

I rushed towards Peter. I got hold of his hand, and with my other hand I seized the other boy by the lapel of his coat. Then I led them towards the house.

On the way Peter's Daddy met us.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

Peter kept silent.

The other boy was too terrified to say anything, and kept crying.

I chattered, recounting the case. I said that one must not strike anybody, because it is painful. They did not understand me.

At last Peter said: "I struck this boy. He was stealing strawberries in our garden."

Peter's Daddy looked at his son gravely.

"It's mean to strike anybody," he said after a while. "You could have explained to him that it is shameful. Stealing is a sin. But you had no right to strike him."

"I shall never steal again," the boy who had picked the strawberries said in a trembling voice.

"Very well! Now go home," Peter's Daddy said to him, and added: "The little monkey has understood the cruelty and ugliness of your action. She brought you both to justice. You see, the chimpanzee has become a judge over you!"

Little Peter took me in his arms and kissed my head. I clung to him and felt very happy. Everybody was pleased with me.

I tried to be thankful by amusing them and making them laugh the whole evening. I did a somersault. I have regained my old skill! Afterwards I whistled.

From the courtyard Cutie and Nero replied to me with barks.

A day of revenge.

We—Peter, his little sister and myself, were sitting on the beach of a small lake.

I like this place. It reminds me of my first expedition into the jungle. Only there are no hippos or elephants here.

I tried to tell the children of those giants. Alas! They did not understand anything.

There was a small boat on the lake. To reach the other side men get into the boat. Then they grasp a rope with their hands. The rope is tied to two trees, one on each side of the lake.

Peter went into the boat and swam away.

Suddenly, the little boy whom Peter hit the other day, appeared among the bushes. He aimed at Peter with a stone. He hit Peter on the head. My little friend swooned and fell into the lake. Then he shouted, but disappeared under the water again and again. He beat the water frantically with his hands and legs. He struggled desperately.

Peter was drowning. The little girl rushed towards the house, crying and shouting.

I had to save my friend. I jumped onto the rope and moved quickly over the water. I hung fast to the rope with both hands and feet. At last I found myself directly above Peter. I held the rope with my feet and hung down over the water. I stretched out both my hands, and chattered encouragingly:

"Uh! Uh! Uh!"

The boy lifted his hand with difficulty. I got hold of his sleeve and pulled him towards me.

He was very heavy. I could not lift him. But I kept him out of the water. He did not sink again. He shouted in a weak voice, and breathed heavily.

People from the house came running. They pulled the boy out of the water and took me off the rope.

Peter's Mummy and Daddy kissed and caressed me. They said very affectionately: "Good, clever little monkey saved the life of our little son!"

It's a long time since I felt so happy as on that evening. I was happy and proud. . . I had repaid my friends for their goodness.

I feel that I have real friends in them. They will never forget the little chimpanzee.

Though men have made her a captive, she loves men. Not all men have been as good to her as Zo-Zo and little Bill, but little Katey does not hate anyone. She loves everyone. . . .

Days of further separation.

Peter's little sister has been taken ill. Her parents have taken her up to the mountains. They have all gone away. The house is left empty.

I have been given in charge of their neighbours till their return.

They live in a big house in the town. There is a Daddy, a Mummy, a little boy and a little girl.

I knew those children before. I met them in

the house I was in recently. We often played together. They are very nice children. Well behaved and good little things.

But I long for Peter and his little sister. I shall look forward to their return.

My life is very quiet now.

I have got a new friend. It is a little grey cat. At first it reminded me of the serval. The serval who wounded Ori-Ori. The serval was huge and voracious. The kitten Pussy is small and docile.

He jumps into my lap and purrs. When I pull his tail, he strikes me with his paw. But he never scratches me or shows his claws. Of course I pull his tail gently and only for a joke. If I didn't keep Pussy moving, he would only eat and sleep. He's an awful lazy beggar and sleeper, is this Pussy!

The day of my quarrel with Pussy.

To-day I quarrelled with Pussy. We are cross with each other for good.

While walking about the house I entered the largest room. There were many flowers, and a large black box in it. My little friends' Mummy sits in the evening near this box, and after opening it, strikes the little white boards inside it. Then the box begins to play. It plays very beautifully. It roars like thunder in a deep voice; it sings just like Bill used to sing sometimes during the shows; or it rings thinly, very thinly.

It is neither a barrel-organ nor a violin. The barrel-organ has got a hoarse voice. The violin's voice is sweet and melodious. I like the violin best. The instrument on which Zo-Zo played.

It's a strange box!

Finally I found out that humans call this box a piano. Ah!

Joe wanted to teach me how to play the piano.

I think it must be very difficult. How can a little monkey like me play on such a big box? Moritz must have been big and very strong. I am sure of it.

In that room I found Pussy. I knew he wasn't allowed in there. What was he doing there? He stole in.

He did not notice me. He was sitting with his little head uplifted. His green eyes were shining. He was staring somewhere high up. The end of his tail was wagging.

I saw a golden cage. There was a yellow bird in it. It sang beautifully. It did not see Pussy lying in wait.

Suddenly the cat sprang onto the curtain. He climbed onto the cage and looked into it. He tried to reach the little bird with his paw.

The poor thing rushed to and fro and chirped frantically. But Pussy went on. What a cruel Pussy! Didn't he see that the little bird was afraid of him?

I leapt onto the curtain, and pulled Pussy down by his tail. He purred at me, hissed, glittered with his green eyes and showed his sharp teeth.

No, my little brother, you won't have it your way!

I gave him a slight slap, and whistled piercingly, shrilly. Pussy ran away. He laid his ears and curled up his tail. All day he would not come near me. He is avoiding me. He is afraid to look into my eyes. He is ashamed of his wicked attack on the little bird.

It must be admitted that Pussy is rather like the serval. He knows how to attack . . . I don't like him! I don't want to play with him any more. Let him look for other friends. For instance, the wicked and always barking dog.

That dog spends his life in a kennel, tied on a chain. He barks and tries to jump at everybody. He barks day and night. He has a bad character. He is brutal, offensive, and badly brought up. They call him the house-dog.

Though he is wicked and ugly, I am sorry for him. I am sorry for him, because he is tied to the heavy chain. Just like poor, huge Aka, whom I met on the journey. The poor dog, too, is a captive. Perhaps he, too, thinks it is better to be dead than to hear always the clinking of the chain.

I would like to fondle him, but he shows his teeth and snarls terribly. . . . I am very sorry for him, but I am afraid of him. . . .

No, my little brother, you won't have it your way!

Pussy too is afraid of him. He arches his back, lashes his tail and swears. . . .

I can't look at him without laughing. Ha! Ha! Ha!

A day of a dangerous adventure.

My little friends arranged a very jolly game.

Their parents were not at home. The boy said to the girl:

"Let's play Red Indians!"

"Wonderful!" she replied at once.

They dressed. They put some feathers on their heads and fastened some coloured stripes to their dresses. Armed with bows and arrows, they crawled on the floor, hid behind the couch and chairs.

I sat on a little chair and watched the game with great interest.

The children shot with the bow.

"I killed a huge bison!" shouted the boy.

"I killed a poona!" seconded the girl.

I could not see anything. The arrows hit only the chairs or the wall.

The play lasted a long time. At last the boy said:

"Let us now dance the dance of the savage Comanches!"

"How does it go?" asked the girl.

"We shall make a fire and jump over the flames."

"Oh, that will be jolly!" exclaimed the girl, clapping her hands.

The boy brought a bottle with some water in it, and a lot of paper. He poured on the paper all the water from the bottle. Then he lighted a match.

Something exploded so powerfully that the windows rattled. A flame broke out. It ran quickly across the room. The cloth on the table and a chair began to burn. The fire spread in all directions.

The children shouted with fright, rushing about wildly. They could neither hide nor escape from the room. Between them and the door raged the flame, throwing up big tongues.

It became hot. Rather hotter than in the jungle at noon.

It was time to think of escape. But what would happen to the children? I had to save them.

From the chair I jumped over to the piano. I caught hold of the girl by her hair and pulled towards me. She climbed on the piano with difficulty, pale and trembling. The little boy followed her example.

The fire meanwhile approached the spot where the children had stood a moment before.

This game with that water which burns is a very wicked one.

I withdrew to the other end of the piano. I got as long a run as I could, and jumped. I flew over the flames like a bird. I felt pain on my hands and chest.

I rushed into the maid's room with a great noise. I grasped her skirt and pulled her after me.

When the maid saw the fire, she shouted the alarm. A lot of people came running. They brought blankets, pillows, carpets. They threw them all on the fire. Soon it was out.

I had saved my friends! I did it because I loved them.

Now I don't love them any more. I changed towards them at once. In one moment.

After the return of the parents, they all gathered in the burnt-out room.

"How did it happen?" asked the father.

The children kept silent.

The maid said that the little monkey had come running to her and pulled her towards the fire.

"The monkey?" asked Daddy. "Then it was perhaps she who broke the bottle of benzine and set fire to it? Why, she knows how to use matches! In the circus she smoked a pipe which she lit herself."

"Yes . . . the monkey did it . . ." muttered the boy.

Ungrateful, wicked child! He lied and put the

blame on the innocent monkey! On me, who had saved their lives!

I was not afraid of punishment. I knew I hadn't done anything wrong. Oh, nothing wrong! I had burnt the hair on my body. My burnt hand gave me pain . . . I had gone to the assistance of the weaker ones in the moment of danger. I, little Ket, the daughter of the heroic Rru, the chieftain of the chimpanzee people.

I was not afraid of anything or anybody! I was innocent and I had done my duty. I had saved my friends. Friends who betrayed me. It didn't matter. I had done what my heart told me to do.

"She must be put on a chain," said the Daddy of my faithless friends.

They could not find a chain. I was tied on a string in the hall.

During the night I bit the string through and jumped out of an open window into the garden.

I have escaped. . . .

I am writing this in a forest. I am hungry. But I don't feel unhappy.

I remember that when Ori-Ori saved us from the serval, the aged Ngu-Ngu and Grand-daddy Bo-Bo called him *noble*. I know now that I am noble!

That is much more important than anything else. More than fame, ripe bananas and sweets. More than a soft bed and a beautiful house.

I am hungry and cold, but I am noble. That is the main thing!

Days of solitude.

I have not written for a very long time. I have had no paper and no pencil. Why, I have not even had anything to eat!

I was hungry for five days and six nights . . . I hid in the forest. At last I decided to go to the village.

I saw it from afar while sitting on the tree. Columns of smoke rose above it.

I went on to the road.

I was dragging along slowly. I had lost all my strength through hunger.

Suddenly I noticed two men. They looked at me in amazement. They came up to me. I stretched out my hand to them. They smiled at me in a friendly way.

"I'm sure that's the little chimpanzee they are searching for! I read about it in one of the papers," said one of the men.

"We shall find out in a minute," said the other, and called to me: "Katey!"

"O-o-o-o-o!" I chattered. I was astonished that he knew my name.

"Yes! It's she!" they shouted.

They took me with them to the village. I was given food, and put on a pillow. I slept soundly and long.

I dreamt of the jungle, of the lake with the hippos and of Ori-Ori chasing the red monkeys. I woke up with a joyful laugh.

I was again given food and water.

Later on, one of the strangers took me by the hand and we left the house. We got into a railway carriage. We travelled a long time . . . The wheels beat monotonously: Ta-tata! Ta-tata!

Again I was being carried away by life. I did not know where to! Just as Granny I-So was carried away by the huge black bird.

Somewhere afar off. . . . Where the unknown mist was gathering. I did not know whether it was to be radiant and bright, or dusky like the winter clouds over the savannah.

PART THREE

THE RETURN OF THE LITTLE MONKEY

PART III

THE RETURN OF THE LITTLE MONKEY

Happy days.

I CANNOT write without tears. They are tears of happiness.

I have been taken back to Zo-Zo.

Zo-Zo and Toh were searching for me for a long time. At last I have been given back to my dear guardians.

I shouted with joy, crying, kissing them and stooping to their knees, kissing their feet.

I could hardly be more happy if I were suddenly to see Bo-Bo, Ori-Ori and the jungle. I ran all over the whole house.

Everything was in its old place. The wardrobe was standing where I had scared the thief. The table on which Toh used to write was still standing near the window. The couch, the easy chairs, and tables had not changed places. The mirror was hanging on the wall. Over the couch the

clock was hanging. It was creaking, gnashing and striking as of old.

No fear! I shan't touch you again. You may go on hanging there in peace, and count your tik-tak, tik-tak.

I found my little basket in the corner . . . I wanted to lie down in it. But it was too small for me. I ran to the mirror and looked at myself. Oh, how much I have grown during all this time!

I am now as big as Aka, who was devoured by the spotted snake near the little river.

I noticed that I have very sad, pondering eyes. There are wrinkles on my forehead.

I am sure it was because I had cried such a lot. Or perhaps my heavy and joyless thoughts impressed their traces upon it? They went through me treading heavily like elephants. Do not the elephants leave their traces on the savannah?

I don't want to think of all that has been sad and painful in my life. I am happy again. I want to be merry and to see only smiles on the faces of Zo-Zo and Toh.

They were so glad I had come back! They too had tears in their eyes. They caressed me and spoke to me sweetly.

"Our little Katey! Our poor little monkey!"

I shall never forget their goodness.

They never leave home. To-day I heard Zo-Zo saying to somebody: "I am sorry I could not

come. Our little Katey has come back. We want to be with her. Such a sweet, dear little thing!"

I feel so happy with my guardians!

Day of tender memories.

To-day Toh perused my diary. He carefully examined every scrap of paper.

Seeing that I was looking at him, he put everything in one bunch. He wrapped it up in paper, and tied it with a string.

He looked at me knowingly, and asked:

"Katey dear, may I put it away?"

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" I chattered joyfully.

I had so much trouble with carrying and preserving my diary. Now I shall be at ease about it.

Toh took the other pieces of bark out of a little box. He added them to the parcel. My old diary!

When I started to write it I was in the cage. In the settlement of the white people. Around the settlement hummed the jungle.

A fellow captive, the little monkey, had watched me working on the diary.

Oh, how long, long ago it all seems!

What has happened to the little monkey? Has she grown? Perhaps she has become a troublesome Long Snout?

These bits of bark come from the tree of my motherland. It grows in the jungle. With its

crown it reaches out to the skies, to the sun. Among its branches flutter shining blue thrushes, colourful birds no bigger than butterflies. In the clefts of the branches and the trunk huge, hairy spiders lie in wait. Green and red lizards creep about there.

In the heart of the jungle is heard the dull chatter of the chimpanzees. Even oftener the croaking of the green, red and black monkeys.

The jungle! The jungle! Oh, that I could hear its voices once more! To breathe with expanded chest the fragrant breeze!

To see the giant baobab tree with gnarled and twisted branches! To leap from them onto the ruffle lianas! To fly over the dusk reigning under the trees, and to throw myself over on to the lofty, proud palm tree!

I have the illusion that I see its hard, downy leaves shining in the sun.

I am thinking and dreaming of the jungle, of the mountains, of the dear chimpanzees who are so far away. Perhaps I am thinking of it because I saw the bark from the jungle. Or perhaps . . .?

Yes! Yes! It is because Zo-Zo is playing the violin tenderly and soothingly.

A day of a minor adventure.

I heard Zo-Zo's voice. She was talking in Toh's room. I ran to her. Perhaps she was calling out for me? Maybe she needed me?

I entered and was stupefied. There was nobody in the room. Zo-Zo was talking all to herself. It was funny and unintelligible. She was pressing a black funnel to her ear and speaking into another round, black thing.

I came in quietly. Without any noise, I jumped on the chair. I listened attentively and followed Zo-Zo's movements.

"O-o-o-o-o!" I uttered gently, because I could not understand why Zo-Zo was talking. Why, there was nobody in the room!

Zo-Zo understood my amazement. She took me on her arm and pressed the funnel to my ear. I heard a voice. I even recognised it. It was the voice of the nice lady to whom the maid was to have taken me on the day when ginger Sparrow stole me.

"O-o-o-o-o!" I exclaimed.

Zo-Zo put me on a chair. She continued the conversation. I rocked and thought violently.

How could it have happened? The nice lady is very big. And here she was, sitting inside the black funnel and speaking. She must have felt very happy there, because I could even hear her laughing merrily.

"Oh!" I exclaimed in my deepest voice.

And I lifted both my arms at the same time. That expressed the greatest astonishment. The chimpanzees used to make a similar gesture when they listened to the stories Ngu-Ngu told of

his life in the cage. Mummy used to do it too. She did it when the chatterbox Hara-Ua was gossiping of her adventures.

I looked into the funnel. First from one side, then from the other. It was dark inside. I could not see anything.

And the nice lady was still talking. Sometimes she talked very loud, sometimes quietly. I could hardly hear her voice. It was like the buzzing of a fly.

How extraordinary and strange everything seemed! I am sure even Ori-Ori had never seen anything like it!

Zo-Zo laughed as she watched me.

I decided to examine the matter. As soon as Zo-Zo went out of the room, I seized the funnel. I pressed it to my ear. A lady shouted loudly:

"Number, please!"

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" I shouted with joy.

I thought it was the nice lady who was speaking. I like her very much. Zo-Zo calls her Ma-ry. She has got such a pleasant voice. It reminds me of Zo-Zo's violin.

"Hullo! Number, please!" I heard again. I could feel impatience in the voice.

"O-o-o-o-o!" I chattered, amazed, and a little frightened.

"Hullo! Please don't make silly jokes on the telephone. Hullo! Hullo!" the lady concealed in the funnel shouted angrily.

"Uh! Uh!" I muttered, seriously frightened by the shouting.

"Idiot!" bellowed the lady from the funnel.

Something was clinking terribly, so that my ears rang.

"Uh! Uh!" I repeated.

I wanted to throw the funnel away. But I remembered in time that in it were the nice lady and another one who was cross. They might get hurt if I threw the funnel down. So I put it carefully on the table. Then I jumped down from the chair.

I was sitting under the table for a long time, thinking: How could two big ladies get into the small black funnel? Oh! Humans can do anything!

I wish I knew what is meant by "telephone," "idiot," and "hullo"!

A day of war, in which I was defeated.

We all of us went out of the town. Toh said we are going to a village. The nice lady with her little daughter lives there.

They were very glad we had come. I got a banana at once.

I looked at the nice lady. I was thinking and muttering to myself:

"Dear old thing, how do you do it? How do you get into the little funnel? Won't you teach me how to do it?"

Jenny (that's the name of the nice lady's little daughter) took me into the garden.

At once I noticed big yellow pears. They were hanging down on high trees.

I climbed on the nearest one. I chattered loudly: "Ah! Ah! Ah!" I tore off a pear, and ate it with pleasure.

Jenny climbed after me. She sat down on the tree and helped herself to the pears too.

I jumped down from the tree and ran further into the garden.

Suddenly I saw several small houses. They were standing on a green meadow in the shadow of bushes. Funny little houses they were! Red, green, blue and white.

Perhaps little monkeys live in them? I thought.

I ran towards them and peeped into a small opening. Inside the house it was dark. Something was humming there. In front of the opening was deposited a lot of yellow powder.

Suddenly I noticed that my fingers were sticky. I licked them. It was something fragrant and very sweet! I had to try it because it was very tasty.

I put my hand inside the opening and tried to get it. Suddenly something sharp entered my hand. I shouted with pain.

Meanwhile from the opening large brown and

Shouting at the top of my voice, I ran away.

reddish flies came flying. They hummed and buzzed all around me.

One pricked me in the forehead. Another bit my ear.

Shouting at the top of my voice, I ran away. The flies pursued and pricked me . . . I reached Jenny. I hid in the folds of her dress. The flies went on buzzing and humming. The most violent of them noticed my bare heel. We haven't any hair there, and the fly bit me.

The pain was so terrible that I cried. Honestly, I could not help crying.

After a while, Jenny started to shout. She swung her arms about and ran away crying and groaning. I followed her, limping on one leg. I could not tread on the other.

Only close to the house did the flies stop pursuing us.

We rushed into the room. Everybody jumped up.

"Good God!" exclaimed Zo-Zo, and the nice lady. "How terrible you look!"

"Bees must have bitten them," said Toh. "Jenny and Katey must have been looking into the beehives."

"Yes!" shouted the nice lady, "they were in the bee garden."

They started to save us. They washed our faces, hands and feet. The stings of the flies were pulled out. They put cool earth on the bitten

spots. They smeared us with something white and bound us up with linen.

I could only see with one eye. I went to the looking-glass. I could not recognise myself. I was all swollen, and red, quite red.

What has bitten us so terribly? Bees, hives, or bee-garden? Well! They must have been wicked flies!

Days without worries.

For three whole days I was ill. I shook all over. I could feel fire in my head, my hands and my heel. I could not eat. But I drank and drank and drank.

Now everything has passed.

But I must say, those red flies made us run!

To-day I tried some new food. I didn't know it before. They were small red balls with green leaves. They bit the tongue, but all the same I liked them. Toh calls them radishes. I liked them very much. I chattered: "Ah! Ah! Ah!"

Another food was quite different. It was white and sour. It was cut into long small pieces and looked like grass or something like it. I snuffed at it on the table, and stretched out my hand. I was asking to be given a little of it.

"You want some sauerkraut?" asked Zo-Zo in astonishment. "Why, you never had it in the jungle?"

I liked that sauerkraut immensely. I could

hardly eat enough of it. Usually I eat fruit or grits. I eat with a spoon and from a bowl.

I have my own bowl and spoon. I recognise them a long way off. When the maid gives me another spoon, I call: "O-ooooo-oo!"

Then they give me my own.

At the table I sit on a little chair close to Zo-Zo. The maid puts a napkin round my neck. I never make it dirty or wet.

I never hurry to get food when I am at the table. I sit quietly and wait till I get my little bowl with the grits, or a little plate with a peeled orange. Then I chatter in gratitude: "Ah! Ah! Ah!"

After the meal I kiss Zo-Zo's hand. Toh, too, kisses Zo-Zo's hand. I learnt it from him.

After the meal we go into Toh's room. We drink coffee. Zo-Zo and Toh drink black coffee. I drink it with milk. I like coffee with milk and sugar very much.

After coffee, I lie down on the couch and sleep. . . . When I have rested, I play a little, write, or listen to Zo-Zo's playing.

In the evening I eat a bowl full of grits. Then I run about and play with Toh, or with gentlemen and ladies who come to our house.

I have many friends amongst them.

Before going to bed I take a bath in a small tub. For the night Zo-Zo dresses me in a long white shirt.

I sleep in a little bed. I like to be well tucked into the blanket. I always ask that the bed should be covered with a sheet. Then I have the impression that I have over me the thatched roof of our little hut on the top of the tall tree.

Every day before I sleep I get some dainty. An orange or a pear. Sometimes grapes.

I sleep quietly. I get up together with Zo-Zo. I like to go to her when she is in bed. I play about there like mad. I walk on my hands, cut capers and laugh aloud. I feel very jolly then!

Days of winter.

I feel the cold again. I don't leave the house at all now. Outside the windows fly white flies. They drop on the houses and streets. Everything around goes white. The trees are covered as if with white down.

Fear and sadness overcome me then.

I sit close to Zo-Zo. I like to drink hot coffee with milk. I cannot swallow anything cold. I feel most happy in the little tub or in bed.

Twice I had a sore throat. I could not swallow anything. A nice man came. He looked into my throat and smeared it with something sweet but somewhat biting. The pain stopped.

I kissed the nice man's hands for it. Toh calls him a doctor. Perhaps he is what old I-So was in the jungle? A healer? A very good man.

I feel a pain in my legs more and more often.

My poor legs, which shook and were without strength after old Joe had struck me with the big stick. I walk with great difficulty. I prefer to tuck up my legs and to jump about on my hands. Then I don't feel the pain so much.

I don't cut any capers now and I don't play. My body aches. I am weak. At times I feel sad beyond words.

But Zo-Zo and Toh are so good to me! They caress me and love me very much. When they go out, I cry and call out:

"Uh! Uh! Stay with me!"

I don't sleep, but wait for them to return. I recognise when they ring the bell to the house. I hear their steps from afar. And I call out joyfully:

"Ah! Ah! Ah!"

I welcome them with a faithful and grateful heart. With the heart of the little chimpanzee who knows how to love.

Days of reflection.

I have many toys. A red ball with yellow stripes. A doll—a little girl in a blue dress. She had lively black eyes. But I kissed her so much that I kissed her eyes away.

I have a little monkey on a string . . . I don't like this toy. The monkey has eyes that stick out, and he makes many unnecessary movements. He doesn't speak at all, and cannot move by him-

self. I have to pull the string, only then does he move his little legs and tail. A very stupid monkey.

But I like my rattle and my white bear very much. I kiss the little bear on the nose. He looks at me cunningly, and stretches out his paws. When I pull him about, he purrs quietly. I put the rattle into my mouth. Then I imagine I am smoking a pipe. Just as I did when they called me a "second Moritz" and a "great artiste."

I often wonder why humans keep birds and animals in captivity?

In captivity they feel unhappy. I have a very good time at Zo-Zo's, and still I feel ill and weak. It is because I don't see the jungle. Because outside the window fall little white flakes. Because the roofs of the houses are covered with white down. The trees are all bare. All the leaves have fallen long ago. The black branches stretch out despairingly towards the leaden, gloomy skies.

In winter the world looks very sad.

Why do humans take us into captivity?

They can make for themselves monkeys, elephants, bears and birds out of wood and iron. They are very like the living animals. And those toys do not cry, do not yearn and do not get sick. They do not think, and do not whisper: "Oh! how wicked you humans are! You have taken away from us freedom, health and joy!"

Men do not hear when little birds and monkeys

reproach them. All animals in captivity think in this way.

As long as they are young they do not feel the wrong that has been done to them by humans. They are amused by many unknown things attracted by dainty bits. When they grow older, they are possessed with despair. Despair, because there is no end to their captivity. . . .

Then they become evil and defiant. Birds cease to sing. Little monkeys don't eat, they get ill, do not amuse men, sometimes they even scratch them. Elephants smash their cages. Lions and bears become dangerous. They attack and tear men to pieces. Bill told me all about it when we were going to appear in a circus for the first time.

Why do not humans stop to think how miserable they would be if monkeys and lions held them in captivity? How frightened they would be, how they would long and despair!

Sometimes I think it is better to be killed than to be deprived of freedom. . . . Captivity is a terrible, a cruel torment.

I am beginning to understand what the aged Grand-daddy Bo-Bo wanted to explain when he said: "Humans have their lives, and the chimpanzees theirs."

We do not want either big houses made of stone, or railways, or motor-cars, or funnels which speak by themselves. We only want our

jungle. That is so little. Why do humans deprive us even of that?

The day of farewell.

I have not written for a long time.

I am still ill. The throat, legs and heart. All this aches, aches very much. I feel always cold, a penetrating and exhausting cold.

I yearn, and grow feebler every day.

Winter has gone. . . . The white flakes and flies do not fall outside the windows any more.

The trees have decked themselves in fresh, bright, green leaves. Some of them are covered with white and pink blossoms. The sun is shining warmer every day. It is pale and weak in the town.

Weak like myself, and longing and musing like myself.

Nothing amuses me or gives me joy. I do not desire anything. I make no effort whatever. I sit in a corner and rock and rock.

At night time I sit up in my little bed and again I rock till dawn. I don't even know what I am thinking. I think I am not thinking at all.

I live only because Zo-Zo wants me to live.

I wash and I dress because Zo-Zo makes me do it. But eat, I cannot. I don't like any food, and I do not feel hungry.

But at times I feel that somebody is standing behind me. I hear the light murmur of breathing,

and a low whisper. Who is standing there? Who is whispering there?

To-day Zo-Zo played for a very long time. The clock struck midnight. Zo-Zo played quietly. Sometimes the sounds were like a rustling, a sigh or a whisper.

I listened . . . listened. . . .

When the violin began to sob, I moved and tried to stand up. Although with great difficulty and pain, I could still walk about.

It was worse with my heart. It was beating so violently and unevenly. At times it seemed that it would burst through. Then I opened my mouth and drew in the air eagerly. . . .

"Yes! Yes!" I thought, "I understand that I must go away now. Go away for ever."

I understood that a crowd of chimpanzees were standing behind me. Unseen, they thronged around.

Mummy, with the arrow in her side, the heroic, mighty Rru, Grand-daddy Bo-Bo, Ori-Ori winking with his eye, Granny I-So, Auntie Hara-Ua, the old and grave Ngu-Ngu, tiny Aka from the little river, and the other Aka on the chain.

They stood around and whispered: "Come back! Come back!"

Into their voices broke the rustle of the jungle, the splash of waves, the chirping and shouting of the green parrots and the blue thrushes, the roar of hippos and elephants, the croaking of black

and brown little monkeys: "Come back! Come back!"

The earth sighed and rustled with grass and cane, the earth, out of which have grown mighty mahoganies, disfigured baobabs, downy palms and fruit-covered papaws.

"Come back! Come back, poor forsaken little Ket!"

Yes! Yes! I have to go away from here for ever.

How shall I go away? Like the aged, bent, I-So? Or like the wisest of all chimpanzees, the world-famous Moritz?

I kissed Zo-Zo for a long time. I caressed and kissed her hands. I was thanking her for her goodness, for her great goodness. It isn't her fault that I cannot remain with her any longer.

Do not *they* call out with unceasing voices: "Come back! Come back!"

They—the chimpanzees, the jungle, the birds, the river, the mountains, the warm ocean, the burning skies!

I embraced and kissed Toh. I chattered quietly, I told him I was leaving my diary with him. Why, I could have taken it with me.

"Good-night, Katey," said Zo-Zo, and put out the lamp.

I replied with one word: "Farewell!"

The whole night through I sat up and looked for the black bird. Dawn came; the black bird

did not come. He did not want to take me with him.

So I decided to reach the sea . . .

I shall swim like the famous Moritz (has not the director of the circus called me a second Moritz?), I shall swim far away, there, where behind the veil of the sunny mist my jungle rustles and beckons with the green crowns of the trees; stretching out its arms towards me and calling: "Come back, poor, forsaken little Ket! Come back!"

To-day I shall go away from here for ever.

Farewell, all of you, whether good like Zo-Zo, or wicked, like the freckled scoundrel who gave me a flick on the nose.

Farewell, all of you!

POSTSCRIPT

LITTLE KATEY left us on April 11th, 1927. We searched for her for a long time, a very long time. But all trace of her was lost. The monkey had vanished.

After a year we learned that she had been seen on the Atlantic from the Dutch steamer "Kilstroom." A little black chimpanzee had been seen from the steamer. She was swimming rapidly towards the south. She threw out her hands from the water and appeared on the crest of the mighty waves. She swam farther and farther away. She disappeared in the golden rosy mist. . . .

Nobody knows whether she reached her motherland, good Katey, the noble chimpanzee, the daughter of the heroic Rru. Nobody knows whether she was welcomed with a joyful rustle by the jungle, full of haze and mystery. Did the whole chimpanzee people rush to offer a welcome to the poor, forsaken little monkey?—the aged

Bo-Bo, the grave Ngu-Ngu, the chatterbox Hara-Ua, the mighty chieftain Kyr, the frolicksome Ori-Ori, and a crowd of others, who from beyond the sea called by day and by night:

"Come back, come back, little Ket!"

THE END

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